

The Sketch

No. 767.—Vol. LIX.

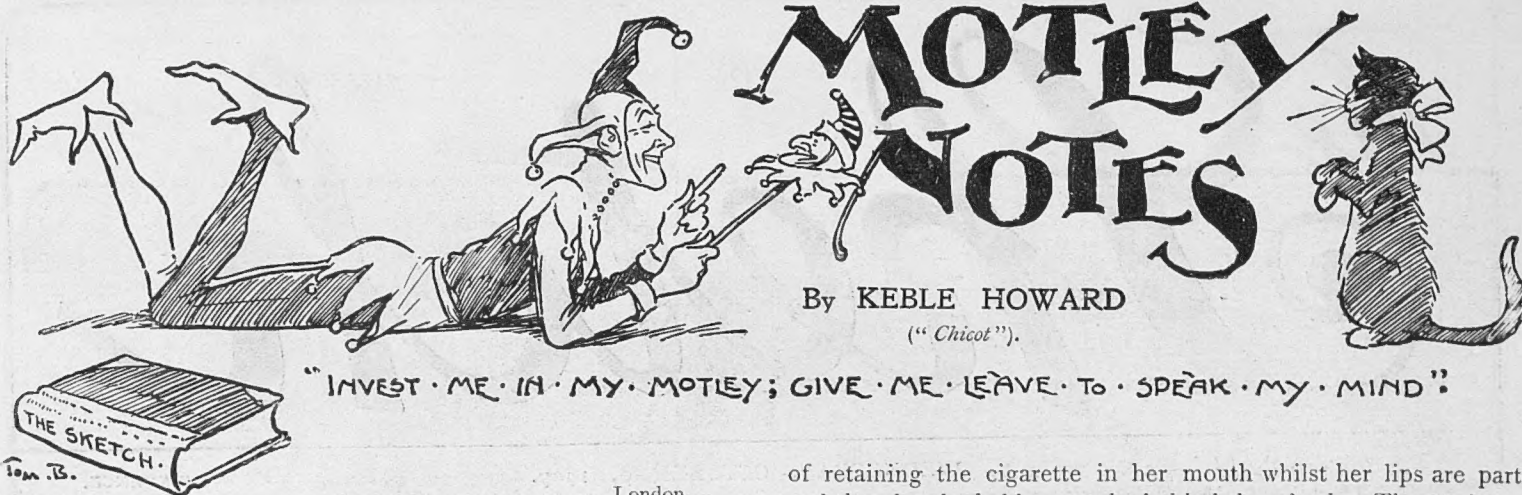
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



THE FUTURE LADY ALASTAIR INNES-KER: MISS ANNE BREESE, STEP-DAUGHTER OF MR. H. V. HIGGINS, WHO IS TO MARRY LORD ALASTAIR INNES-KER TO-MORROW (10TH).

Miss Anne Breese is Mr. Henry Vincent Higgins' step-daughter. Lord Alastair Innes-Ker is a brother of the Duke of Roxburghe, was born in 1880, and is in the Royal Horse Guards. Mr. Higgins is, of course, the well-known Chairman of the Grand Opera Syndicate, and is also a solicitor, and director of the Carlton and Ritz Hotels Company, London, and the Ritz Hotel, Paris. Mr. Higgins' first wife was Lady Hilda Jane Sophia Finch-Hatton, youngest daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea.



See How She Smokes.

Dr. Emil Reich, that very fertile philosopher, to whom, as you will have noticed (I trust), I am frequently indebted for stimulating ideas, has just said this—"An observing man might from following closely the cigarette manners of a woman very well construe her whole character and temper." Here indeed is a thing that wanted saying, and I am not in the least surprised that the Professor has been the first man to say it. But he might have gone on to enumerate the various styles of feminine smoking, and say how they may be rightly interpreted. Since, however, he has omitted to do so, he will doubtless pardon me for thrusting myself, in my modest, shrinking way, into the breach. Roughly, then, I will divide the women of England into ten types, and endeavour to indicate their characters, in summary fashion, from the way in which they handle their cigarettes.

(1) THE COQUETTE.

The first thing that you will notice about the coquette is that her cigarette is constantly going out. And the second thing you will notice is that she never uses a match. The coquette invariably lights her cigarette from yours, looking into your eyes, of course, as she does so. Since the really accomplished coquette can manage to extinguish one cigarette twenty times, I don't see that the averagely susceptible man has a dog's chance of escaping from the toils.

(2) THE DREAMER.

The dreamer does not actually smoke her cigarette. She lets it burn, deriving a great deal of pleasure from the sight of the ascending smoke. This method has a good deal to recommend it, except that, if she dreams a bit too much, she is apt to place the hot end of the cigarette on the tablecloth or on your wrist. The tablecloths at certain restaurants are very expensive, and you can do little with them afterwards, even though you have them forwarded to your address. On the other hand, it grows monotonous to have one's wrists constantly swathed in bandages.

(3) THE SAUCY BAGGAGE.

The saucy baggage, or "I'm-such-a-one-for-fun" variety, should only be induced to smoke by the very young and high-spirited. She is exceedingly fond of blowing great clouds of smoke into your face, and never feels that she has had a really good evening unless she contrives to drop her cigarette-ash into your liqueur. As I say, she is in great favour with undergraduates, but in later life, as dullness creeps on, a man is apt to develop a taste for unashed brandy.

(4) THE HARPY.

The harpy is beloved of the restaurant keeper, and the managers of hotels send her boxes of gloves at happy Christmastide. The harpy evinces a marked distaste for cigarettes out of your case. She enters into long discussions with the man who wheels the trolley, eventually securing a box of not less than twenty-five at twopence apiece. She then discovers that it would be a shame to open the box before she gets home, and just manages, after all, to put up with one out of your case. It is my private belief that she sells the cigarettes back to the restaurant keeper in the morning at half-price. But I don't know for certain.

(5) THE SPORTSWOMAN.

The sportswoman is notable for her absolute fearlessness when dealing with a cigarette. She has acquired the art—no doubt, at considerable personal discomfort—of getting the cigarette to stick to her upper lip, and she is thus able to perform the marvellous feat

of retaining the cigarette in her mouth whilst her lips are parted and her hands held securely behind her back. The "picture" inevitably suggests horses, but I don't know why.

(6) THE FLATTERER.

The flatterer always opens the campaign by asking you whether you can blow rings. As the man has yet to be born who is willing to admit, in the presence of a woman, that he cannot blow rings, you immediately twist your mouth into a hideous O shape, and pass through a series of stomachic spasms without achieving anything even remotely resembling a ring. Whereupon the flatterer cries, "Oh! How simply lovely!" and makes a pretty pretence of trying to blow a ring herself. The net result of the entertainment is that you, for your part, get indigestion, and she, for her part, displays an admirable set of teeth.

(7) THE AMBITIOUS TYPE.

The ambitious girl informs you, piteously, that she has never yet succeeded in making the smoke come through her nose. She begs you to tell her how it is done, and you say, carelessly enough, "Oh, sort of half swallow the smoke, keep your mouth shut, and breathe down your nose." She tries, pluckily enough, to follow your instructions, and the fit of coughing that ensues is so violent that the waiter rushes up with a glass of water, and very likely gets a hole burnt in his trousers with the neglected but still lively cigarette.

(8) THE DEVIL.

The devil needs only a lighted cigarette to bring out all her sense of devilment. Her eyes gleam, she leans forward, she hunches her shoulders in the approved Carmen fashion, she waves the cigarette about as though endeavouring to frighten off a pack of wolves with a firebrand, and her reward comes when the other women in the restaurant begin to nudge each other. Many men are rather partial to the devil, but she is distinctly dangerous when she makes the sparks fly. She would make an excellent poster.

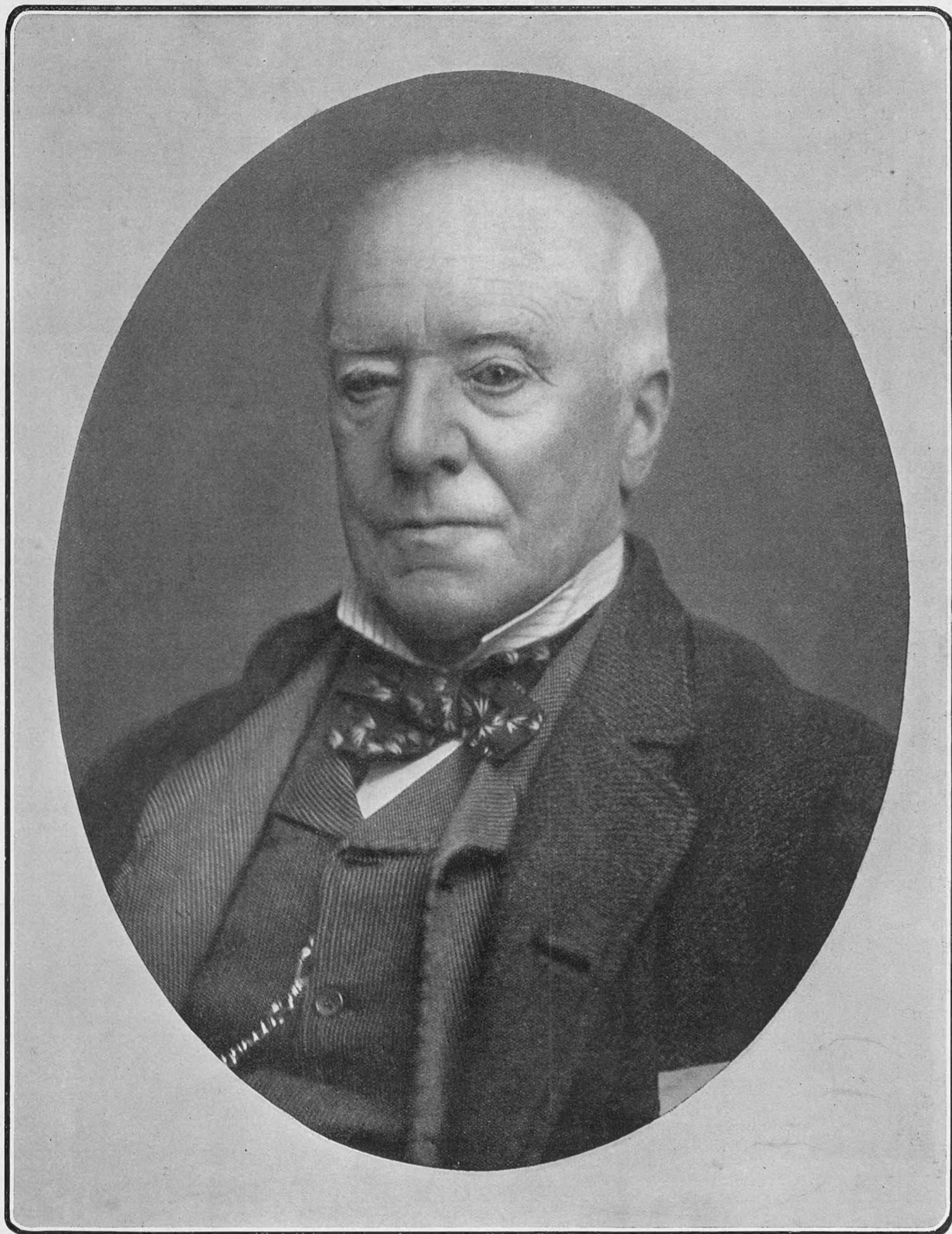
(9) THE COMPANIONABLE TYPE.

The companionable type is the genuine cigarette-smoker. She generally carries her own cigarettes about with her, preferring them to any other kind: that, to begin with, is distinctly companionable. She doesn't fuss with matches and ash-trays. The first cigarette lighted, the subsequent ignition process is, so to speak, automatic. The ash is disposed of, from time to time, by a clever flicking movement. It has always been a mystery to me what really becomes of the ash. The first and second fingers of her left hand are stained a dark yellow. You do not object to this because you realise that cigarette-smoking is an exigent hobby, and must not be interrupted more than is absolutely necessary. She inhales all the time, and you are kept constantly on the alert, wondering whether the next lot of smoke will come out of her nose, her eyes, or her ears. She is somewhat lacking in *les qualités domestiques*, but is decidedly companionable.

(10) THE MATERNAL TYPE.

The maternal type of cigarette-smoker loathes cigarettes, and only takes one now and again as a great joke. She begins by unravelling the end that she puts in her mouth, and then complains that little bits of tobacco *will* get on her tongue. She experiences untold difficulty in getting the horrid thing to light, but finds, to her joy, that it goes out quite easily if let alone. When, by some foul mischance, she actually draws a little smoke into her mouth, she looks dreadfully scared, and parts her lips very wide, saying as she does so, "Pur!" I have no idea what "Pur!" really means. I think it must be a sort of prayer for help. Anyhow, it is all very distinctive and charming.

THE PASSING OF "SIR HENRY HAWKINS."



THE LATE LORD BRAMPTON—BORN SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1817; DIED OCTOBER 6TH, 1907.

Lord Brampton was better known, perhaps, as Sir Henry Hawkins, and he was one of the greatest advocates, as later he was one of the greatest Judges, of his time. The son of John Hawkins, solicitor and land-agent in Hitchin, he entered the Middle Temple as a student in April, 1839. In November of 1876 he was created a Judge of the High Court (Queen's Bench Division), and in the same month was transferred to the Exchequer Division. He sat on the Bench for twenty-two years, and tried a remarkable number of celebrated criminal cases. He was known as "the hanging Judge," and there is no doubt that he believed implicitly in capital punishment. There have been few, however, who have questioned the justice of any of his sentences.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

KUBELIK AS A WANDERING MUSICIAN IN BOHEMIA.



1. HERR KUBELIK'S TWIN-DAUGHTERS, MARY AND ANNE, SHOW
LITTLE RESPECT FOR THE VIOLIN.

2. Mlle. TINA LERNER, THE YOUNG RUSSIAN PIANIST WHO IS TO
PLAY AT HERR KUBELIK'S RECITAL TO-MORROW (THE 10TH).

3. HERR KUBELIK JOINS A BAND OF WANDERING MUSICIANS AT HIS CASTLE IN BOHEMIA, AND PLAYS THE PIPE.

Kubelik is to give a recital at Queen's Hall to-morrow (10th), and at this recital will also appear the young Russian pianist, Mlle. Tina Lerner, a pupil of Godowsky, who is expected to make a great sensation. Herr Kubelik is owner of Bichory Castle, Kolin, and to this came recently some wandering musicians. These played in the court, and at sight of them the famous violinist decided to join them for the moment, and be photographed with them. His instrument, it will be noted, was a tobacco-pipe. The resulting photograph is here reproduced. Mme. Kubelik was formerly Countess Marianne von Czaky Szell, and her twin-daughters share her name, the one being Mary, the other Anne.

FROM GOVERNESS TO PRIMA DONNA.

Mlle. BORGHILD BRYHN IN "THE SAILOR'S BRIDE."

Mlle. BRYHN IN PRIVATE LIFE.



Mlle. BORGHILD BRYHN, THE NEW SANTUZZA.

Mlle. Bryhn, who was seen at Covent Garden last week in the rôle of Santuzza, in "Cavalleria Rusticana," and met with much success, has had a career that may well be called romantic. She is Norwegian, a native of Christiania, and was for a time a governess in the service of Captain Nott Bower, the Commissioner of the City Police, who, realising the beauty of her voice, advised her to take up singing professionally. Mlle. Bryhn studied under Mme. Grieg and Mr. Von Zur Mühlen, and sang at several concerts conducted by Grieg himself. This was in Christiania, and it was there also that she sang Ragnhild in "The Sailor's Bride," the first Norwegian opera ever produced, which was given last spring. Her début at Covent Garden last week marked only her second appearance in grand opera.

Large photograph by Finne.

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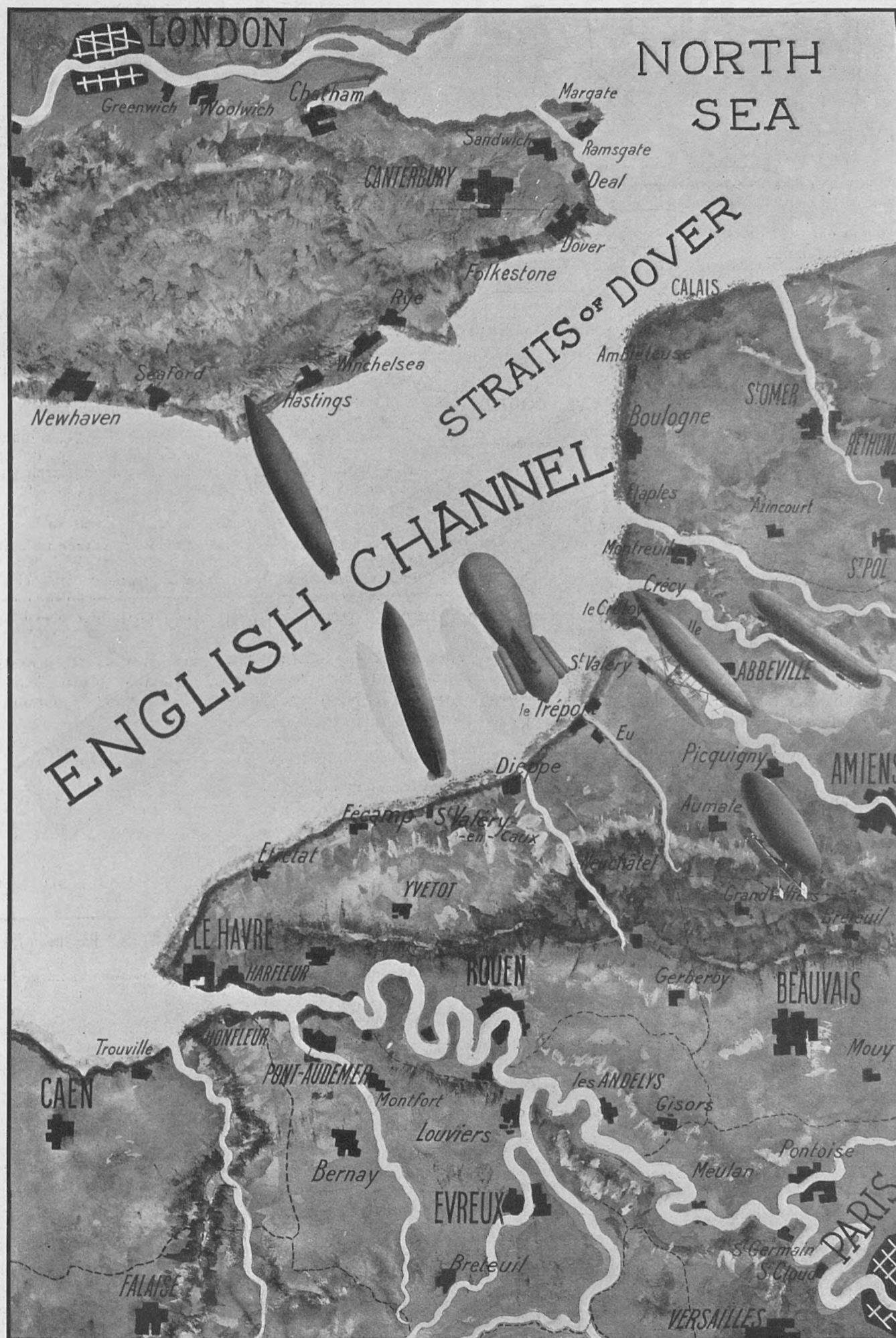
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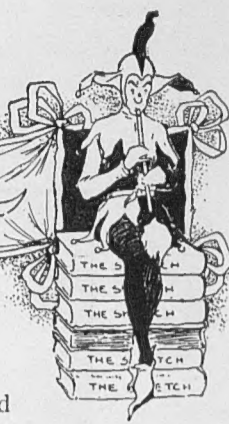


AS IT MAY BE IN THE NEAR FUTURE: A CONTEST FOR THE AERIAL DERBY.

It is hardly too daring to anticipate that in a few years we shall have a Gordon Bennett race for air-ships, the course being from Paris to London, or between other suitable centres. In anticipation of this, our Artist has prepared the combination drawing and photograph reproduced above. Nearest to England in the illustration is the "Patrie"; the "Lebaudy" (on the left), and the "Ville de Paris" (on the right) are next. Then are the "Zeppelin," which is on the extreme right, and the "Santos Dumont." Nearest to Paris is the "De la Vaulx."



THE CLUBMAN



THE THEATRE AND RESTAURANT ON BOARD SHIP—CHANGES IN LINERS DURING THE PAST THIRTY-FIVE YEARS—VARIOUS DISCOMFORTS OF THE PAST.

WHAT will the gigantic Atlantic liners become in a few years' time? The capacity of the ports that receive them limits their size, but in the matter of luxury and convenience there will be no limit. The man in whose brain the idea of a well-appointed restaurant on board ship originated is running backwards and forwards across the Atlantic to see how the arrangement works and to think out new developments; and Mr. Charles Frohman now proposes regular theatrical performances by his companies on such steamers as will construct theatres on board, and even hints that he may produce new plays in mid-ocean.

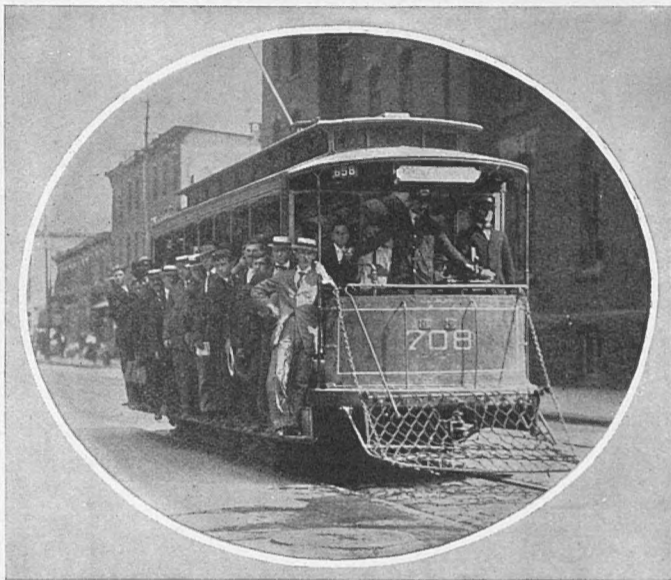
I have travelled on the sea in big ships as much as most men during the last thirty-five years, and I have seen great changes in the accommodation provided for passengers and the consideration with which they are treated. It took a long time to persuade the ship's officers that passengers were not a valuable class of cattle, that could be stalled in any manner during the voyage so long as they were delivered safely and in good condition at the close of it. I believe that the French sailors still have a slang term for the passengers, implying that they are oxen. But the French employ a wealth of zoological terms; a valet always talks of his master as his "*singe*," and "*chameau*" is quite an ordinary term of abuse. In the days of my first sea voyages the first-class sleeping-cabins opened into the dining-saloon, and the odours of meals never seemed to find an exit from between decks. The stewards always made difficulties about bringing food up on deck, and many a passenger preferred to starve when the sea was rough rather than go down into a saloon which smelled as though it had never been aired. There were no chairs in the saloon in those days, but benches with a movable back, such as some park seats have nowadays. I well remember the delight of first having a chair all to myself at a saloon table. True, it was little better than a music-stool, but a whole row of people had not to stand up every time a lady found she could not finish her meal and beat a hasty retreat to the deck.

There was an affectation of man-of-war discipline on some of the lines. On one

P. and O. ship in particular the captain tried to enforce many Royal Navy rules. There were very few seats on deck in those days, and on our first day out on this ship I incautiously sat down on the little brass carronade on deck—a gun kept for signalling purposes. A quartermaster was struck with horror at the desecration, and at once requested me to get up. I moved to a pile of shot, and was again requested to rise, and when I took refuge on a coil of rope I was hunted away for the third time. I began then to think that I should have to make all that voyage on my feet.

If one were a solitary man and not one of a party, one sometimes found oneself in strange companionship at table, especially on the Atlantic boats. At the same table as myself, on one homeward voyage from New York, was an old Irishman, a patriot whose patriotism extended to Fenianism, who was a rich man and was going back to Ireland to see the village from which he had emigrated very many years before. His pet aversion, it appeared, was the British soldier officer. Most of his conversation at table was directed not to me but at me, and he had a surrounding of hangers-on who encouraged him. I was not prepared for a daily wrangle, and I could not take physical revenge on an old man. I did suggest to the purser that he should put me at another table, but he told me that I might go further and fare worse. That old Irishman, ridiculous though it was, prevented me from enjoying any of my meals on that voyage.

The restaurants which have been established on one or two of the big Atlantic liners will be adopted sooner or later wherever there is keen competition between lines. To eat what one likes, and when one likes, on board ship will be a great blessing, and one for which most men will be quite willing to pay. Everyone who has travelled out to the East knows how irritating it is, just as the sun is setting and the atmosphere is becoming bearably cool, to be summoned below by bell or bugle to eat a dinner of portentous length. The companies will grumble at the amount of room which will be taken up by restaurants, but in practice they will find that it will not be very great

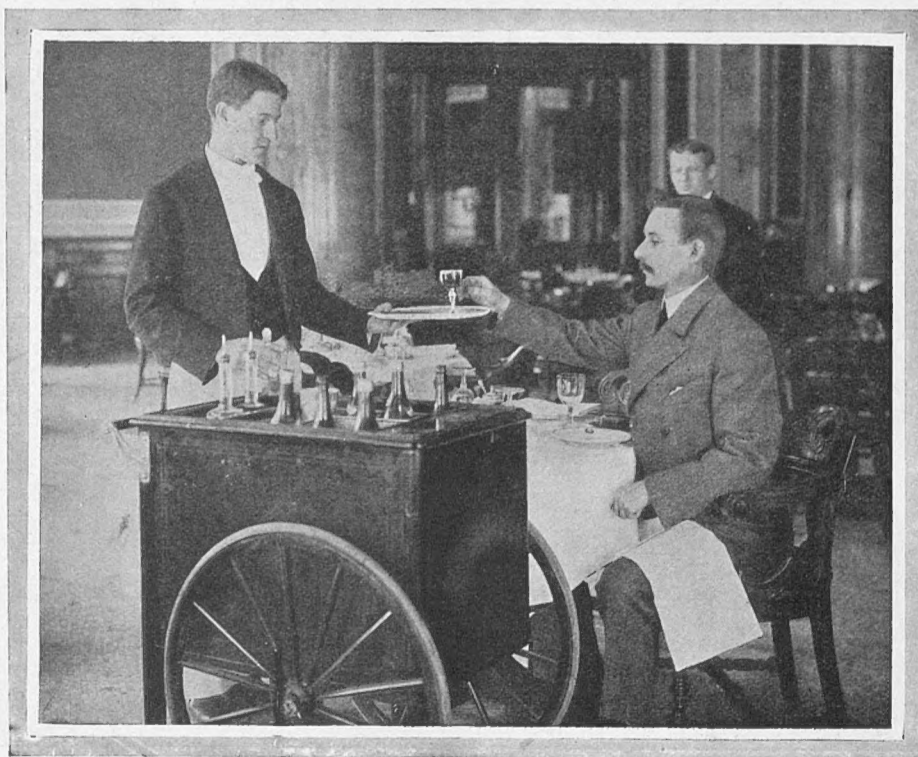


THE TRAM-HANGER: HOW THE AMERICAN ELECTRIC TRAM CARRIES THE PASSENGERS IT CANNOT SEAT.

Our photograph illustrates a sight common in New York and other American cities. In the United States there are no police regulations as to the number of people that may be carried by public vehicles; hence much overcrowding.

Photograph by P.-J. Press Bureau.

was not prepared for a daily wrangle, and I could not take physical revenge on an old man. I did suggest to the purser that he should put me at another table, but he told me that I might go further and fare worse.

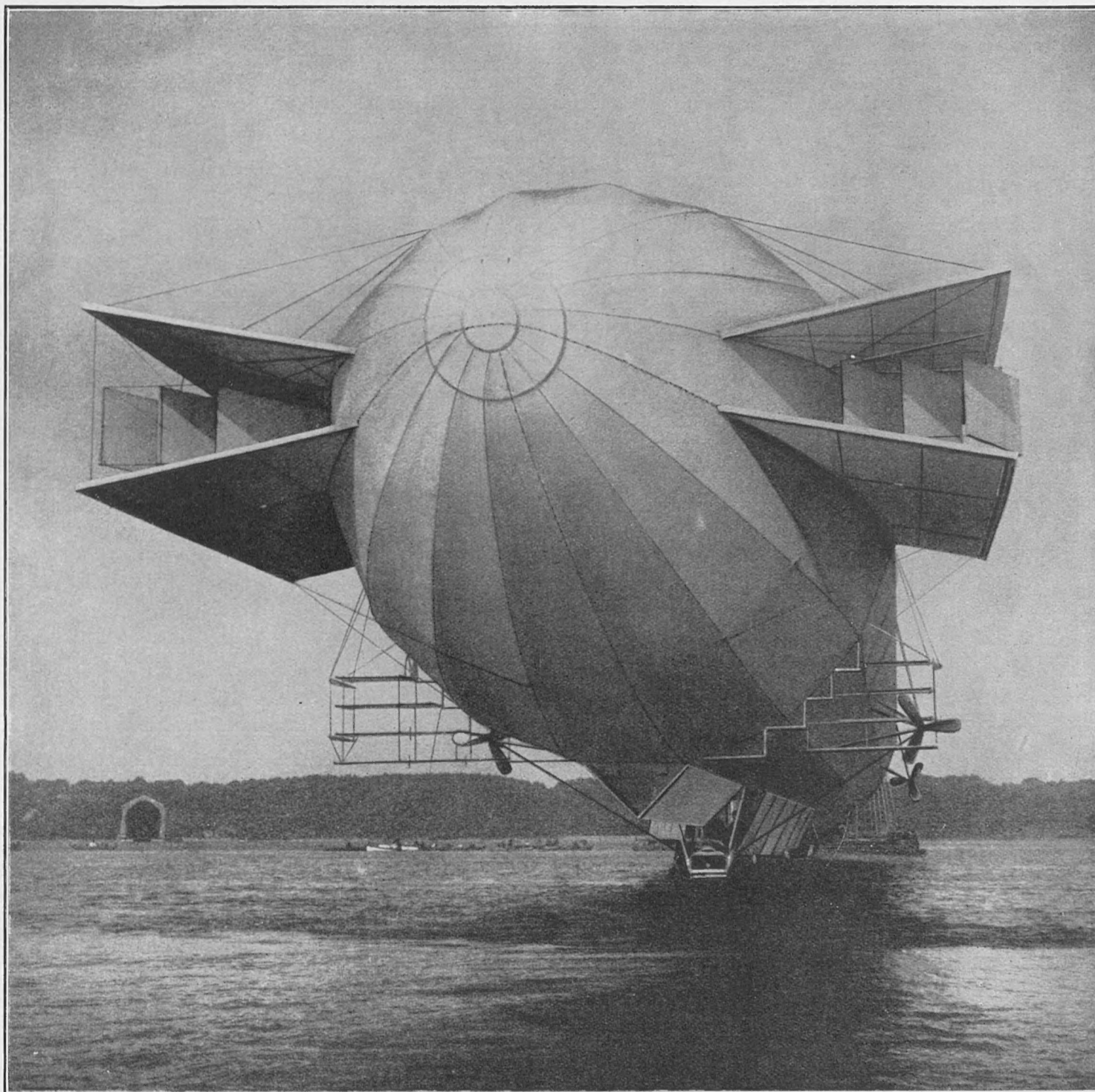
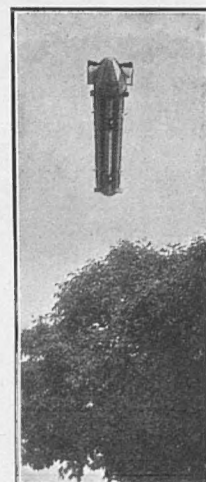
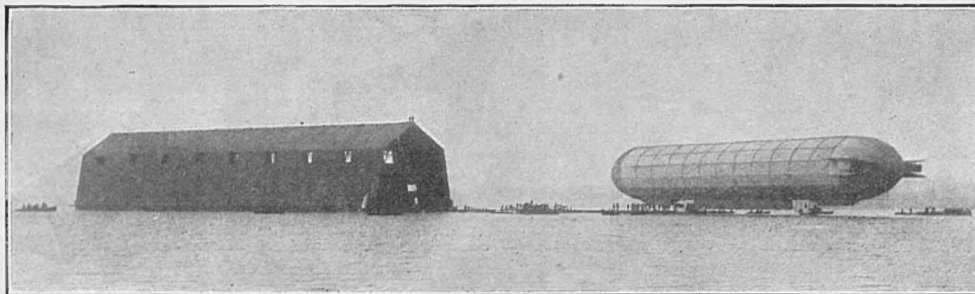
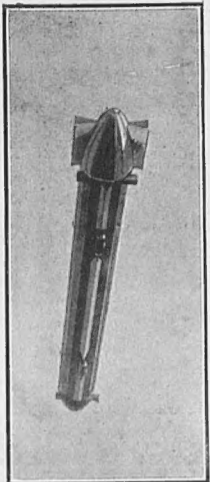


THE BAR THAT IS BROUGHT TO CUSTOMERS: A DRINK-WAGON IN A PHILADELPHIAN HOTEL.

In at least one hotel in Philadelphia the bar-leader is comparatively unknown, for the simple reason that the bars are brought to the customers, instead of the customers going to the bars. The innovation is said to be decidedly popular.

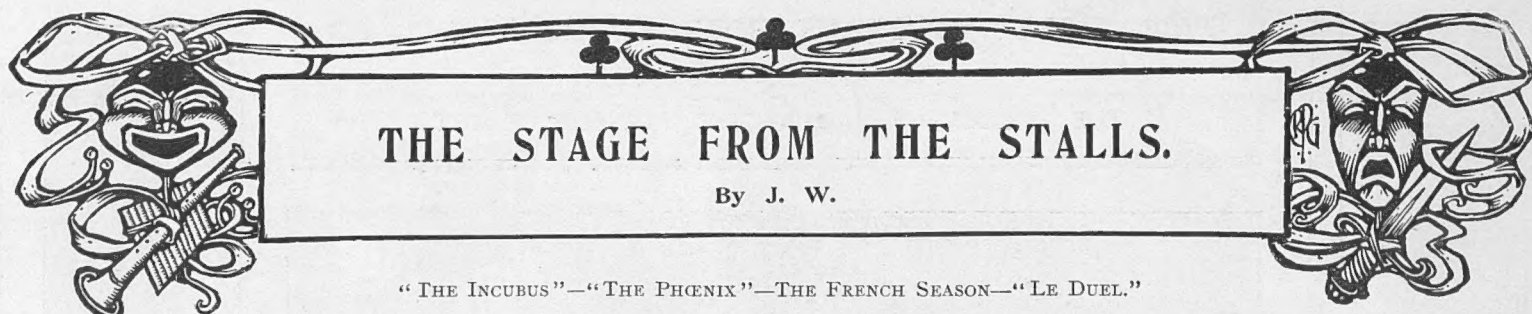
Photograph by P.-J. Press Bureau.

OVER THIRTY MILES AN HOUR THROUGH THE AIR
FOR SEVEN HOURS:
THE HOLDER OF THE RECORD AIR-SHIP FLIGHT.



COUNT ZEPPELIN'S ALUMINIUM AIR-SHIP, IN WHICH THE INVENTOR HAS COVERED 220 MILES
AT A SINGLE FLIGHT.

Count Zeppelin broke all records last week by remaining aloft in his aluminium air-ship for seven hours, during which he travelled the distance of 220 miles. The air-ship in question is nearly 150 yards long; is of rigid aluminium; contains rather over 10,000 cubic metres of gas; and is driven by two 65-h.p. Daimler motors. Enclosed in the aluminium shell are sixteen globular isolated gas-bags. The ship carries ten people, and it is thought that the inventor will be able to undertake his projected overland journey from Friedrichshaven to Wilhelmshaven on the North Sea next spring. Count Zeppelin, it may be noted, is sixty-nine years of age, and has given the last nine years to the solution of the problem of aerial navigation. His earlier attempts exhausted his private means, and his present air-ship was built with the aid of funds supplied by his friends, and by subsidies from the German and Wurtemberg Governments. The first and third of the smaller photographs show the air-ship coming to earth in an upright position; the second shows it leaving its shed.—[Photographs by the Topical Press and Ch. Trampus.]



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By J. W.

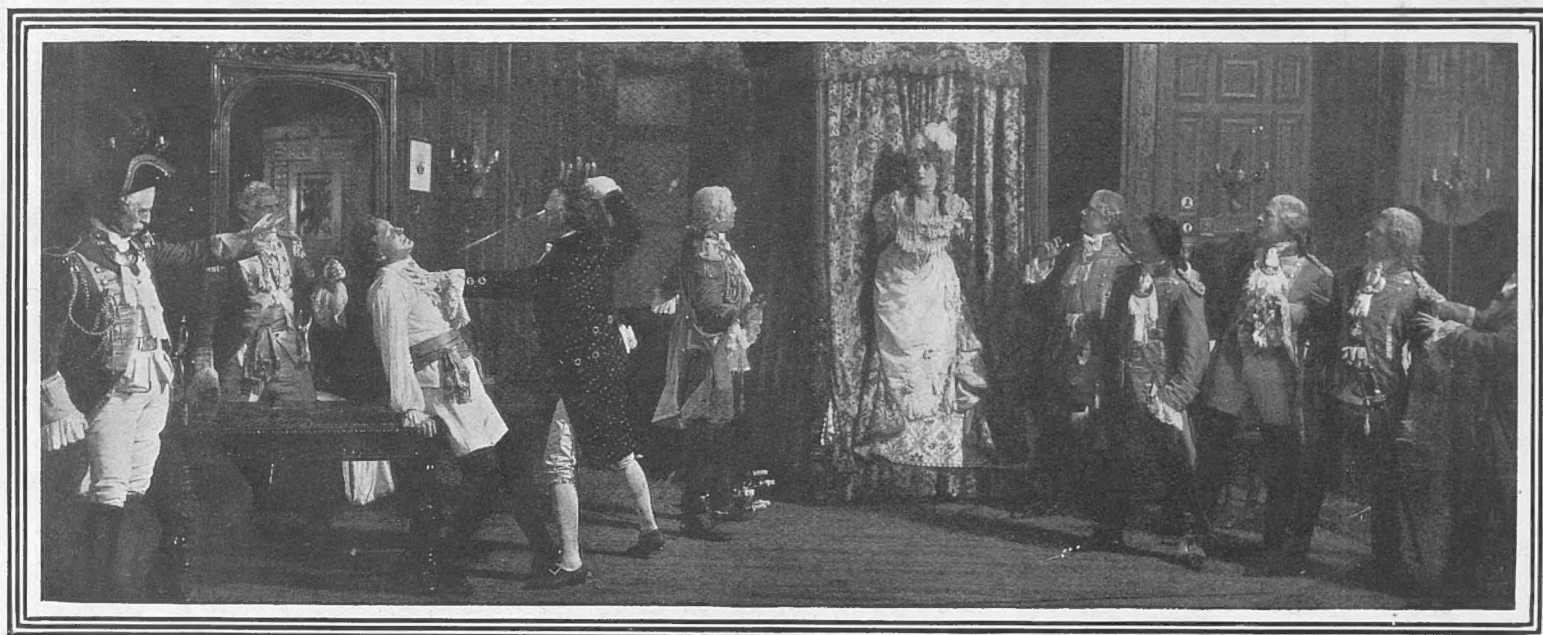
"THE INCUBUS"—"THE PHOENIX"—THE FRENCH SEASON—"LE DUEL."

FOR a few matinées the Royal Court Theatre is itself again, though Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker have gone elsewhere.

Mr. Laurence Irving's translation of "Les Hanneçons," by Brieux, has all the quality of a Vedrenne-Barker production; which is, no doubt, the reason why the Stage Society first "discovered" it. It does not consciously bid for the favour of the masses; indeed, the masses are likely to feel towards it as the non-professional critic felt whom I overheard complaining that he was tired of these domestic squabbles, and wanted something to happen. Some people seem hard to please. The play and its subject may be sordid and mean; it may appear very ordinary that a middle-aged professor of botany, being tied by bonds which are not of matrimony to a girl with whom he has no intellectual interests in common, should be roused to fury by her tantrums and forthwith melted by her smiles, and drift helplessly on between his longing for freedom and his love for his captor. But sordid though the subject may be, it gives the impression of truth; the two characters are drawn with masterly skill, and are played with a brilliance which is no less masterly by Mr. C. V. France and

attractions of a regular "season" instead of paying us her usual visit at the Coronet; and in farce we are to meet once more the inimitable M. Galipaux and that delightful actress, Mlle. Jeanne Thomassin. A beginning was made by M. le Bargy with Lavedan's "Le Duel," which Mr. Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh have already introduced to this country in an English form. The play and the problems it presents are essentially French, which accounts for the fact that, when Anglicised, it was not entirely satisfactory. It is very French, too, in its lengthy discussions of religion and in the analytical dissection of emotion by those who, in a less argumentative atmosphere, would be feeling things too keenly to have time to dissect anything. And it is all acted in a key to which we are not accustomed in England, with beatings of the breast, hands quivering in the neighbourhood of the beard, and a violence which seems unsuitable to deep emotion and philosophical discussion alike.

This, no doubt, is as it should be, for if you are French, it is well to be French heartily and without reserve. But the whole



Kitty Bellairs (Miss Henrietta Crossman).

"SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS," AT THE HAYMARKET: A SCENE FROM THE AMERICAN PRODUCTION—KITTY, CONCEALED IN LORD VERNEY'S ROOM, MAKES AN UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE, AND STOPS A FIGHT.

Photograph by Byron, New York.

Miss Mabel Hackney. Mr. France we have always known as a sound actor of the matter-of-fact, unemotional school; but this is the first time, so far as I can remember, that Miss Hackney has had a real chance, and the way in which she enters into the character is wonderful.

Mr. Laurence Irving, in addition to translating "Les Hanneçons" quite admirably, and playing cleverly the part of Brochot, the friend who brings about the catastrophe (such as it is), is also responsible for "The Phoenix." This has appeared before, at the Coronet Theatre, and Miss Hackney, in the part originally played by Miss Winifred Emery, has a comparatively easy task as a young widow who meets her old love, and, thanks to a wilful misunderstanding, hears him read aloud her own love-letters. The dialogue is clever and the sentiment not too sentimental, and the little piece ought to prove very popular, for Mr. Irving gives distinction to a situation which, treated otherwise, would be too reminiscent of the ordinary "novelette."

The French season at the New Royalty Theatre has now begun, though it was delayed for two days by a domestic bereavement which prevented M. le Bargy from appearing on the day originally intended. Many excellent things are promised. We are to have Bernhardt among us again after an absence of two years, with "La Sorcière" as the chief attraction, while "La Dame aux Camélias" and "La Tosca" are not to be neglected. Mme. Hading comes for the first time as one of the

thing is very unreal as a play, and not particularly thrilling as an argument. There are beautiful passages here and there which can be picked out—the Abbé's ardent justification of the priestly mission and his self-abasement before the Bishop in the last act—but for the greater part, whether it be by reason of the vigour of the acting or of the wordiness of the writing, or both, the characters seem singularly untouched by any human passion. And yet there is room for passion. The Duchess with a morphiomaniac husband on the point of death loves Doctor Morey, a determined and militant atheist; in the moments of her greatest temptation she has been drawn as by accident to the confessional; and the priest is the Abbé Daniel, Morey's brother, who, after a wild youth, has found salvation. The doctor and the priest meet in a mighty struggle, in the course of which Morey suggests that his brother's interest in the Duchess is something other than religious; and this so upsets the Abbé that after offering to give up his priesthood he retires to a colony of lepers, leaving behind his blessing upon the love of the other two.

Here is matter enough for passion; but under the spell of nicely balanced literary dialogue passion withers away, and only the outward trappings of it remain. Once or twice M. le Bargy is genuine; in the rest of his performance there is dignity and vigour, but it is too obviously clever acting. M. Marquet, as Morey, makes love with a ferocity which surely would have failed to attract a lady so torn by doubt as the Duchess, who, as played by Mlle. Pierat, is rather lacking in gentleness, and M. A. Lambert père is genial and kindly as the old Bishop.

"WHAT - IS - IT?" ADVERTISING: THE LATEST FORM.



**DON'T WORRY ABOUT THIS
COME AND SEE
THE FOLLIES**

THE EXTRAORDINARY BILL THAT IS PUZZLING LONDON: THE FOLLIES' NEW POSTER.

The new poster designed to attract people to the Follies' entertainment at Terry's is a worthy successor to the famous "Gazeka" that did so much to advertise "The Little Michus." It illustrates, too, the growing taste for what may be called "What-is-it?" advertising. That the poster is successful is undeniable, for it arouses what is, perhaps, our greatest small failing—curiosity.

Reproduction by the courtesy of the Follies.

SMALL TALK



MISS MARY DANSEY, WHO IS TO MARRY THE HON. GEORGE W. WINN NEXT WEEK.

Photograph by Stephanie Maud.

Sovereigns; and it is said that both she and Sir John fully agree as to the importance of keeping up the magnificent state which so impresses those foreigners who have the good fortune to be invited to the Mansion House balls and receptions. Lady Bell has a delightful country home, where her husband and herself are very hospitable both to their City friends and to their country neighbours, at Stoke Poges. There the Lord Mayor elect has turned his great business abilities to the arduous task of making a small farm pay its own way, and his wife is keenly interested in his hobby.

Two October Weddings.

One of the prettiest of autumn country weddings was celebrated last Thursday (Oct. 3) in the picturesque village of Lakenham, near Norwich, the bride being Miss Clara Noble Gully and the bridegroom Captain Annesley. Next week, on Tuesday (15th), Miss Mary Dansey, a niece of Lord Gifford, will marry the Hon. George W. Winn, Lord St. Oswald's second brother. Miss Dansey is one of five sisters, each of whom bears a Christian name beginning with the letter "M."

Mr. Keir Hardie's Three Farthings. Mr. Keir Hardie, who has been making such a sensation in India, used to carry about in his pocket three farthings, to represent the Tory gold with which he had been accused of fighting his first (unsuccessful) election! Slightly built and of medium height, with wavy hair falling back from his temples, and a reddish beard and moustache, he looks older than his fifty-one years. But the Labour leader has crammed more into his half-century than most men have managed to do. He began earning his living as a rivet-heater when he was only seven; he could not read or write at twelve, but taught himself writing and shorthand in a Lanarkshire coal-pit, scratching the symbols of the latter with a pin on a white stone blackened with smoke from his pit-lamp. At twenty-five he was editing a paper, but

LADY BELL is likely to prove a Lady Mayoress of the ideal kind, for owing to her husband, Sir John Bell, having served a very long apprenticeship in municipal affairs, she will find herself quite at home at the Mansion House, and admirably fitted to undertake the now onerous duties of the City's first lady. The new Lady Mayoress will have borne her blushing honours for a very few days before there will fall on her the pleasant duty of entertaining one, if not two,

no contributor has left on record how he struck those who worked for him. He has the true Scotch literary turn, and his only hobby is the collection of old Scottish ballads and chap-books.

Courage and Conviction.

Father Tyrrell, who has set the Papal heather blazing with his tremendous indictment of the reactionary methods of the Pope, is one of those people of

whom the man in the street reads in books, but seldom

meets in real life—he has ventured much and suffered much for what he deems to be the right. With Leo XIII. he would have been a man of power; under the Pius X. régime there is no place for him. His intimates credit him with one of the finest intellects in England, but he is too advanced for the Society of Jesus, of which he was a distinguished member. He was expelled from the Society a year ago, suspended from his functions as a priest, and excluded from the Sacrament. Not even here did hostility to him cease. A French Bishop begged that he might employ Father Tyrrell in his diocese. "Not unless he undertakes to publish nothing, and to submit his private correspondence dealing with religious matters to a censor duly authorised," was the substance of the amazing reply.

The R.A. Pavement Artist.

English beggars who may claim any sort of expertness in their leisurely calling do very well indeed; but they cannot compare with their French contemporaries, who are now considering the advisability of elevating their calling to the rank of a profession, with articles of association, and all that sort of thing. The idea is infectious; who knows but that something of the sort may be secretly established in London? The man to ask is Mr. Wylie, R.A. He is the prince of pavement artists. He has made more money in that way than any other man, living or dead, the time during which he was engaged considered. It was for a hospital bazaar, a couple of years ago, that he took to the pavement. It was an improvised pavement, of course, but a very excellent imitation of the al fresco genuine article. And upon it, in the course of two days he turned out seven pictures. Six of them fetched £20 apiece under the hammer, and the seventh, £18. That works out at the rate of £21,000 and odd a year. Would some power the giftie give us all to be pavement artists, with his skill to propel our elbows.



A CHURCH MADE FROM A SINGLE TREE: THE GAMLA CHAPEL AT UPSALA.

As we have noted, the church shown was built from the wood supplied by a single tree. It is one of the most celebrated buildings in Scandinavia.



THE NEW LADY MAYORESS, LADY BELL, WIFE OF SIR JOHN BELL, LORD MAYOR-ELECT OF LONDON.

Photograph by Langher.



MRS. ANNESLEY (FORMERLY MISS CLARA NOBLE GULLY), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



DROPPING A BALL TO MARK THE TIME:
THE TIME-BALL TOWER, NEW YORK.

At the highest point of the tower is a ball, which, at twelve o'clock precisely (Washington time), drops down the pole. The action is caused by the pressing of an electric button at the Washington Observatory. The tower is one of the sights of New York, and thousands watch it daily at noon in order to regulate their timepieces.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



A MONKEY-FARM IN PERSIA: THE "SHEPHERD-GIRL"
AND HER FLOCK.

There are a number of monkey-farms in Persia, especially in Laristan. The monkeys feed on the grass and on fruit, are kept in flocks of from fifteen to twenty, and are watched by "shepherd-girls." In the day-time they are free to move about more or less at their own sweet will; at night they are kept in pens.

Photograph by H. Hamilton and Co.



THE STATUE OF THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY RECENTLY
UNVEILED AT CANTON.



THE SNAPSHOT OF THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY UPON WHICH
THE STATUE AT CANTON WAS BASED.

A SNAPSHOT IMMORTALISED IN BRONZE: A STATUE BASED ON A PHOTOGRAPH.

The snapshot upon which the Canton statue of the late President McKinley was based was taken at Buffalo on September 5, 1901, when Mr. McKinley was making his famous Pan-American speech. It is said that no other photograph shows so well the personality of the President. It was taken by Miss Frances B. Johnston, who knew Mr. McKinley for many years, and was jokingly called "Photographer to the American Court."—[Photograph by the Topical Press.]



THE NEW GRAND DUKE OF BADEN.

Photograph by Schuhmann and Son.

up to their importance. Since the Accession he has shown himself quite as keen, if not more so, to keep in close touch with genius in every field of activity—an example which many of his brother monarchs would do well to follow. The King will be at Newmarket next week for the Second October Meeting, and he is also expected to pay a short private visit to Lord and Lady Burton.

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden.

The new Grand Duke of Baden has hitherto been much overshadowed by the remarkable personality of his father, but he is likely to prove a very popular Sovereign, the more so that he is, through his wife, immensely wealthy. The Grand Duke, who is a first cousin of the German Emperor, was an only surviving son; as a youth, he had strong artistic tastes, and this, perhaps, went far to make him a favourite of his aunt, the Empress Frederick. The new Grand Duchess, who was Princess Hilda of Nassau, is a first cousin of the Duchess of Albany, and "looks every inch a Queen." Unfortunately, she has no children; accordingly, the heir-presumptive to the Grand Duchy is Prince Max of Baden, who is

THE King has been entertaining many of his distinguished subjects during his short stay at Balmoral. Even as Prince of Wales, his Majesty made a point of becoming acquainted with all the more notable makers of Greater Britain, and that often before the general public had wakened

the medical students of Charing Cross Hospital, is one of the most popular men in Society; he is a capital storyteller, musician, amateur actor, and yachtsman. As Lord Newry he had a very good time at Christ Church, and no doubt he vividly remembers forming

one of the line of white mantled Knights

Templars beneath whose crossed swords Queen Alexandra, the "Sea King's daughter from over the sea," made her entry to the Freemasons' ball at "Commem." In truth, he always had a leaning towards the stage; he built the old Globe Theatre, and also had at one time a lease of the St. James's, where he "presented"—as Mr. Frohman would say—the Kembles. Years ago he stood for Shrewsbury, and lost both the seat and his heart, the latter to Miss Nellie Baldock, the daughter of a former member. The story goes that this lady, while travelling on the Continent, was once described in a foreign paper as "Mees Bulldog"—an exquisite jest, in view of the fact that she was a gloriously beautiful blonde, with rose-leaf complexion and a perfect figure.

Mrs. William Randolph Hearst.

In these days millionaires found dynasties, and doubtless towards the end of the present century the Hearst clan will occupy in America much the same position as do the Van-famous newspaper proprietor is fortunate of a charming wife and of a very bright



HAS HE BEEN LEARNING THE SECRETS OF AMERICAN DISHES? MR. ALBERT NEUMANN, CHEF TO THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.

Mr. Neumann has been on a short trip to New York. One newspaper stated that he paid the visit in order to master the making of buckwheat cakes, lobster à la Newburg, chicken à la Maryland, and other distinctive American dishes. Mr. Neumann was much annoyed at this report, for, he said, the Crown Prince would not like it to be thought that he contemplated introducing American innovations into German cookery.

Max of Baden, who is in the possession of a charming wife and of a very bright son and heir, who rejoices in the quaint nickname of "Buster," doubtless in reference to that popular American hero, Buster Brown! Now that the question of an American-Japanese conflict is to the fore again, the New York Press is significantly recalling the story which was told about Mr. Hearst at the time of the Spanish-American war. Some time before war broke out Mr. Hearst sent one of his best artists to Cuba in order to spy out the land, and when the latter proposed to come home, as he saw "no likelihood of war," he received from his employer the significant message, "You provide the pictures, and I'll provide the war!" So is it said!

A Popular Irish Peer.

Lord Kilmorey, who has been holding forth to



QUEEN IN A REPUBLIC: Mlle. GEORGETTE JUTEAU, QUEEN OF THE PARIS MARKETS, AND HER MAIDS OF HONOUR.

Photograph supplied by the Topical Press.



WIFE OF THE NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR WHO IS SAID TO HAVE CAUSED THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: MRS. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, AND HER SON, "BUSTER."—[Photo. by the Illustrations Bureau.]

AN "OCEAN" OVER 2000 FEET ABOVE SEA - LEVEL.



"A ROUGH SEA": A REMARKABLE CLOUD EFFECT.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Steeds of Price.

The minds of the War Office officials are said to be exercised just now over the possibility of a shortage of horses through the lessened number used by the omnibus companies. Which rather suggests that it takes a long time to penetrate the mind of the War Office. A year ago there might have been ground for the fear, but with the crack-up of the "mobuses" the 'buses are rapidly coming back to their horses, so to speak. There has been no diminution of English horses from the advent of the motor-'bus; it is the foreign supply which has been knocked off. Not motor-'buses, but the demands of Canada constitute a menace, according to one whose word is worthy credence. The immense development of the Dominion outruns the supply of horses, and the Canadians are getting theirs from the Old Country. There are still the gentlemen of England upon whom to fall back. More stables of illustrious owners are subsidised than is commonly suspected. But the subsidy! Someone was shown over the stables at Belvoir, where threescore of the finest of horses munched their generous allowance of corn. It is a subsidised stud. The Government has a call upon the ten best chargers in the stables, and pays—five pounds per annum.

A Modern Nebuchadnezzar.

Ireland may or may not boast of her "wild man" who has just been brought back from the woods; he is not half so good a man in the Nebuchadnezzar rôle as he of whom the owner of Fannich Forest, Ross-shire, has record. This wild man had a passion for the simple life before the simple life was advocated for popular acceptance. He did the thing thoroughly. Stealing away from his home and kin, he concealed himself in a cave, where, unmolested, he was able to divest himself of his clothes, and to sally forth unencumbered. This was at the end of an October. Nothing more was seen or heard of him until the following September. In the meantime he had chummed up with the deer, fed in their pastures, shared their rest. A stalking-party out for stags came across him, and thinking him a decidedly rum bird, not to say deer, rounded him up and carried him back to his friends.

The Making of a Modernist.

What will become of the thinkers and men of action condemned as Modernists, for whom the Church of Rome has no room? Mrs. Malaprop junior suggests that they will have to "become Christians," with a church of their own. They may have to profess and call themselves something other than Roman Catholic. The "outcasts" should be welcome to other communities. One distinguished convert of a past day came over in a curious

way. Born a German Jew, he determined to become a Christian, in spite of all that his co-religionists advanced against the proposition. He joined the Roman Catholic Communion, and, with a view to the priesthood, entered a monastery. There he was set to flagellate himself, and, when night fell, gave himself the first cut over the shoulders. He did not like it, so peeped round to see

how the other penitents were getting on. The monk nearest him, he saw by the moonlight, was whipping away for dear life—at the wall. Being a humourist as well as a convert, the neophyte let fly at the hypocrite with his own whip, and a howl of anguish showed that he had struck home. That caused trouble and the neophyte's expulsion. He joined the Protestant Church, and became famous as Joseph Wolff, the missionary and explorer.

Confessed Cannibalism.

Mr. Pett Ridge need not think

to make our flesh creep with the tale that Mayfair is going to drop its "h's"—deliberately and of malice aforethought. It is too horrible to be true. The "smart set" has touched the high-water mark of absurdity and affectation in dropping

its terminal "g's," but they dare not forego the "h," because it would be so hard to tell whether the omission were intentional or unconscious. There would be the fear that other fat fathers would emulate the fat and feeble father who, dragged from his commonplace anchorage by his "smart" sons and daughters, was rushed one night into theatricals. He had to appear upon the stage as the curtain rose, and to mutter the thrilling injunction, "Silence!" The word dodged him, at the fatal moment, but instinct and habit came to his aid, and he gurgled impressively "Ush!"

Not Literally.

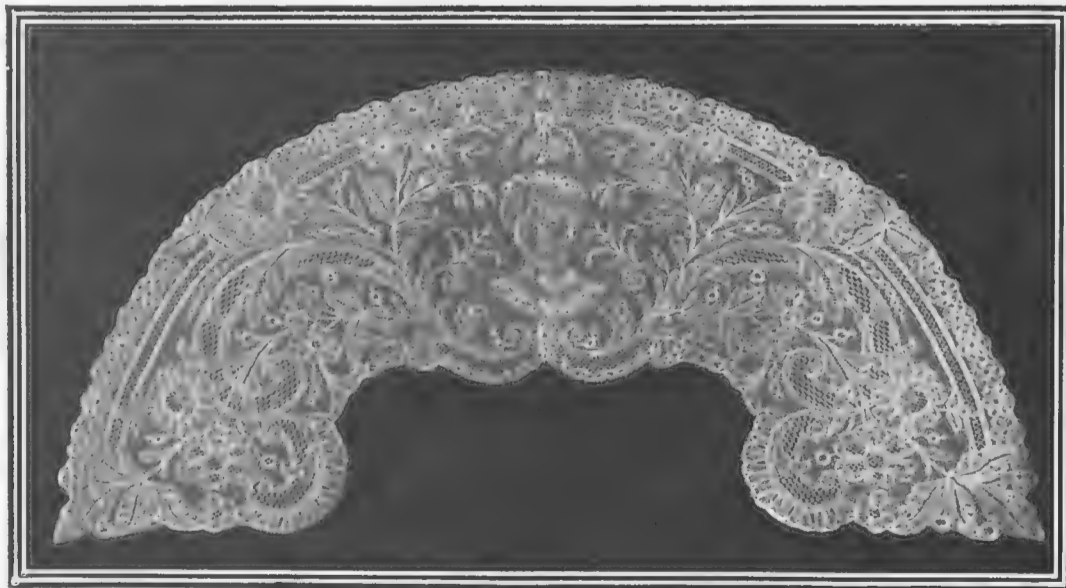
No, things must be left as they are, and commonplace mammas and papas, venturing from behind the counter into "society," will do all the omitting of

"h's" without study or premeditation. To them and to the domestics the thing is easy. "Cerberus," as they called him, Landseer's servant, was an expert at it. He worshipped his master, but not even he could make the honest fellow toil accurately through a course of aspirates. Travelling one day to Scotland in charge of his master's luggage, he would not be comforted with a general assurance that the things were safe; he must investigate at inter-

mediate stations. "'Ow about them luggage?" he inquired as he popped into the van. "What luggage?" demanded the guard. "Why, two trunks as black as hink, and marked with hell," quoth he. "Marked with what?" "Why, hell, for Landseer, of course."



A KING AND QUEEN IN SAND: KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA. The heads were modelled in sand, and attracted a good deal of attention recently on the beach at Weymouth.—[Photograph by Knowles.]



A QUEEN IN LACE: A FAN BEARING HER PORTRAIT PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN OF SPAIN. The fan, which is of point de Malines, was given to her Majesty as a wedding present, and was intended to form a souvenir of the Belgian lace industry.

DIABOLOONACY.



VISITOR (*in grounds of private asylum*): And what's the matter with that patient? He seems very violent.
 DOCTOR: Oh, he's a diabolomaniac. Quite harmless, but thinks he's a diablo, and is trying to jump between his own legs and catch himself behind his back.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



DURING her recent tour in America Miss Lena Ashwell, who opens the Kingsway Theatre this evening, had an unfortunate experience, which was turned to grotesque account by a certain paper in one of the large cities. An actor had to be dismissed for incompetence, and his place filled at short notice. The one paper which referred to the incident did so with the striking headline, "Kissed himself out of a job." It purported to relate that, while playing a scene with Miss Ashwell, the actor was so carried away by his emotion that, having to kiss her, he did so in an exceedingly passionate manner on the lips, with the result that he was promptly replaced on the following evening by one who was less ardent in his expression of feeling. It was a delightful piece of invention, for the simple reason that from the rise to the fall of the curtain there is not such a thing as a kiss in the whole play.

Miss Anna Robinson, whose ill-health prevents her from reappearing on the stage in Mr. Roy Horniman's new comedy, "The Education of Elizabeth," at the Apollo Theatre, was for several seasons a member of the late Mr. Richard Mansfield's company. In his repertoire each actor and actress was, after the manner of stock companies, called upon to appear in widely different parts of more or less importance, according to the necessities of the play. On one occasion, when the piece was an adaptation of Hawthorne's famous novel, "The Scarlet Letter," Miss Robinson was told off to play one of the witches who appear on the scene at different times. There were several ladies thus transformed, all enveloped in long brown cloaks. During one of the early performances, while Miss Robinson was waiting in the wings, Mr. Mansfield passed by and, stopping suddenly, threw back the hood from her face, and asked: "What are you doing here?" "I am a witch," replied the actress. "A witch? Nonsense!" exclaimed the actor; "we have quite enough of them without you. Take off this cloak at once. I will tell the stage-manager that in future, when we play 'The Scarlet Letter' you are to be the village belle." In that way, in the course of a single evening, Miss Robinson was promoted from witch to beauty.

Mr. Vernon Steel, who has made so great a success in "The Hypocrites," has come early into his own, for he is only just twenty-five. Still, he has had nearly nine years' experience on the stage, for he left school before he was seventeen and at once began acting. The

first time he appeared in London was when he took up Mr. Henry Ainley's part in Mr. Weedon Grossmith's play, "The Duffer," four weeks after its production, and he played it until the end of the run. Last summer he played Raffles at the Comedy for a fortnight while Mr. Gerald Du Maurier went on a holiday, and from last October to May he was in America with Mr. Forbes-Robertson. With that actor he has been altogether a year and a half, playing the leading juvenile parts — Laertes, Bassanio, Captain Lovell in "Mice and Men," and so on.



TOURING IN MISS MILLIE LEGARDE'S PART IN "MY WIFE": MISS MARY DIBLEY.

Miss Mary Dibley, who is playing Miriam Hawthorne on tour, made her first appearance on the stage at the Scala in June of last year, in "Atalanta in Calydon." She then joined Mr. F. R. Benson's Shakespearean company, and appeared in various juvenile parts.

Photograph by Mme. Pestel, Eastbourne.

During 1903 Mr. Steel was in Australia and New Zealand with Mr. George Musgrove's repertoire company. One day, in consequence of an actor suddenly leaving the company, he was given the leading part at midday on Friday in Ballarat, and told he would have to play it the following night in Melbourne, something more than two hours' distance away. The remainder of Friday Mr. Steel spent learning the part, and it was arranged that the company should leave at seven o'clock the following morning, to enable him to have a long rehearsal when they arrived in Melbourne. Many of the company were staying at the same hotel, and the night porter was instructed to call them all at 5.30. He remembered everyone except Mr. Steel, with the result that the whole company travelled by an uncomfortably early train on purpose to rehearse for him, while he remained behind peacefully sleeping. He woke at 8.30, and when he looked at his watch the air became mysteriously blue. There was, however, no train until 10.20, so there was nothing to do but to breakfast quietly and wait. Mr. Steel reached Melbourne

at two, left instructions at the station for his luggage to be sent to his hotel, and went straight to the theatre, to be met

by the different members of the management standing on the doorstep with their watches in their hands. The company rehearsed until six. Then Mr. Steel went to his hotel, where he found his luggage had not arrived. He went back to the station, to learn that it had just been sent off. When he got back to the hotel he found the van arriving with it. He got out the necessary clothes and sent them to the theatre, leaving himself a quarter of an hour for dinner and twenty minutes in which to dress, make-up, and get on the stage. Still, he got through the part without missing a line, but he went to bed feeling like the first old man made up for Adam in "As You Like It" instead of the juvenile lead.



CAN THIS HAVE SUGGESTED THE SEA-GOING THEATRE? A THEATRE IN AN HOTEL.

The ever-surprising Mr. Charles Frohman has just published another startling theatrical suggestion. He thinks that each of the great liners should carry its own theatre, and thus not only provide entertainment for her passengers, but enable companies to play and pay their way across the seas. Can the germ of this idea have come to Mr. Frohman with the knowledge that the Hôtel del Coronado, Coronado, Southern California, has its own theatre? This hotel boasts that it is the only hotel that possesses a specially erected theatre. It is the largest seaside resort hotel in the world, and has also a play-room and a kindergarten for children, and a large salt-water swimming-bath.

Photograph by H. J. Shephstone.

PRESENCE OF MIND!



IV.—SAVING AUNTIE FROM THE WRECK.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

KATHARINE TYNAN contributes to the new number of the *Dublin Review* an article on Lionel Johnson, partly personal recollections touched with tender affection, partly an appreciation of his poetry. It is an old-world article about an old-world man, for though Lionel Johnson died recently, he belonged in spirit to an earlier generation, mediæval and monastic. And the article is old-world in another sense—it is all kind and comfortable, and gracious and optimistic. Its little spice of criticism is not hers, but his; for it happened that when he heard she was called upon suddenly for an estimate of living poets, he sent her some helpful notes, in which you may now read what he thought of William Watson, of John Davidson, of Francis Thompson, of Richard Le Gallienne, and the rest of the younger company of poets that survived the Victorian era.

Some reminiscences of Herbert Spencer in the *Cornhill* give us glimpses of the philosopher, too, as critic of his contemporaries. He admired William Watson a good deal, and he wrote, like any sentimental miss, to suggest the addition of another verse to "Waters Parted from the Sea." His "unfavourable opinions on certain of the writings of Freeman and of Matthew Arnold" are recalled; and he had very hard words for Ruskin (whose style he hated), as well, of course, as for Carlyle.

The beautiful piano which so often soothed the philosopher's unsavage breast was given to him by Mr. Andrew Carnegie; but, though this gift of one of them was received, American visitors themselves had hardly a welcome at the philosopher's door. He was a little curt even with his best friends, of whom one was Miss Rosalind Masson, the bearer of a fine literary name, and the writer of these nicely touched *Cornhill* memories. One day, when she drove with him from Brighton on the London road, she opined it was over these stones that the Prince Regent used to rattle. The philosopher's answer was prompt: "I take no interest in the criminal classes."

Mr. Binyon's "Attila" is by no means the only sign of activity within the silent precincts of the Print Room of the British Museum. The sixth and concluding part of Mr. Sidney Colvin's "Oxford Drawings" will be published this autumn; and yet another work from Mr. Alfred Whitman's pen is due about the same time. This is a book on Charles Turner, the engraver. While Mr. Binyon could not turn to the shelves at his elbow for Attilas, Mr. Whitman is in ideal surroundings for the production of lives of the engravers. When he is not handing down portfolios to the more casual student, he may hand them down to himself—and no tiresome preliminary of the filling in of a form.

Mrs. Macquoid's "Captain Dallington," a romance of the reign of Queen Anne, is announced by Mr. J. Arrowsmith. To assimilate a feeling for her period, Mrs. Macquoid need travel no farther than the Bayswater house built by her son, Mr. Percy Macquoid, whose salt-cellars might well have been Captain Dallington's, if a captain of romance may be supposed to have salt-cellars at all; and whose chairs should have rested spurred and booted limbs, weary with adventure. Mr. Percy Macquoid, like his father, is an artist. He is responsible for the elegant lady

often so ill-advised by a certain daily paper's weather prophet, and never quite sufficiently clad for the rigours of our climate. He is best known, however, for his excellent history of English furniture.

The success of Mr. William de Morgan's "Alice-for-Short," which is his second novel, and one that makes a strong appeal to the emotions, has, of course, aroused no little interest in its author. To the public it mattered not at all who made de Morgan tiles, and de Morgan tiles were therefore made no longer. But the creator of "Alice-for-Short" cannot expect obscurity. And now that tiles have been more or less abandoned, and Mr. de Morgan is nearly sixty-eight, Fate sees to the building of a house in Addison Road (of all prosaic situations!) which is resplendent in green and blue, and advertises, in every ray of the sun, the earlier art that bore the de Morgan label.

It was, of course, as a designer and the master-potter of his time that Mr. de Morgan was known in the William Morris circle of the 'sixties of the last century. They were no novelists, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and the rest. Which of them could have written

"Alice-for-Short," and which could have foretold that, nearly half a century after their gatherings together in Great Russell Street, one of the number would break such new ground? In the year 1865, Lady Burne-Jones tells us, those Bohemian days were already over. "And de Morgan sighed for the old Great Russell Street evenings, when our little Yorkshire maid came in and asked, 'As any of you gentlemen seen the key of the beer-barrel?'"

But in 1874 our author was still light-hearted, and in such good company as we know not of to-day. We read in the Burne-Jones biography, on the page for the Christmas Day of that year, that "Charles Faulkner and William de Morgan and Allingham enchanted us all by their pranks, in which Morris and Edward Poynter occasionally joined, and Burton's beautiful face beamed on the scene, while Mrs. Morris, placed safely out of the way, watched everything from her sofa." What a lucky invalid was she!—M. E.



[DRAWN BY W. PRIOR.]

"WOMAN INCONSISTENT EVER."

THE FAIR MOTORIST (assisting at a record-breaking trip): Do turn back, dear. I've dropped my handkerchief.

SOCIETY INTELLIGENCE.



MIKE THE MEANDERER: Wot's your arrangements for the winter season, Percival?
PERCY THE PHILANDERER: Oh, same as usual, I reckon, old boy. Go to Lunnon,
borrow a shovel, and be an unemployed bloke.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A FEATHER OF DEATH. ♦ BY MARION BOWER.

I.

"The wings of a man's life are plumed with death."

IT was the autumn of 1870. France lay prostrate; Gravelotte had been fought and lost, Sedan was past, Metz had surrendered, and in the plain overlooked by the ancient town of Laon-on-the-Hill, desultory engagements were of daily occurrence.

All one day Jules de Pontignac lay on the field, until, when he was found on the following afternoon, and carried to the hospital established in the church of the village of Souliers-aux-Champs—where that old diplomatist, the Marquis de Saumarez, ministered to French and German impartially at his own expense—he was delirious with fever. He was placed in one of the ambulance cots, and a Sister from the Convent of the Blessed Mary *en ville* began to wash away the blood and dirt.

In the next bed was a German, a cavalry officer also, a man of over forty also, who followed each movement. He generally did watch when Sister Magdalen-Claire was on duty.

The nun went about her work deftly, but when she had removed some of the caked mud from the face, her sponge suddenly slipped from her fingers.

"I would, *ma sœur*, that I could anticipate you," the German said as the sister stooped to pick it up.

"Are we not here to wait on you?" she answered.

"Ah," went on the German, "where should we be without you?"

This time the nun turned her glance on the big fair man, which was perhaps the aim of the remark, and was about to smile a reply, when the new patient suddenly unclosed his eyes, and a light of recognition—glad, glowing recognition—leapt into them.

"Mélanie!" he called, "Mélanie!" He started up, his arms outstretched; but he was so weak from fever and the loss of blood that he swayed like a drunken man. The sister held him gently, firmly, her face averted from the German. But Helmuth von Königsburg could see the man's arms going up about her, he could see the fingers—dirty, blood stained, blunted at the tips, the nails broken—lay hold of the white wings of her cap. He noticed the dirty marks they left—resented them; he heard the high, feverish voice begin something about "*Drôle! Quelle idée!*" and then a rush of blood choked the babble, and the Frenchman's head jerked forward against Sister Magdalen-Claire's white apron.

For the next few moments the nun, busily occupied, still with her back to Von Königsburg, laboured over the Frenchman; then the surgeon came up, and after one of his quick, deft examinations, went on. The sister stayed a moment, smoothed out the coverings, and took one last look at the white face, with the lids pressed down over the eyes, and with a line of blue circling the lips.

Cautiously the Uhlan raised himself on his elbow, and turned that he might look into the still, white face next to him.

The glow of the sunset showed him a man of about his own age, with iron-grey hair falling in wisps about his forehead, with closed eyes, with the growth of days on his chin, and with a bandage covering more than half his face.

Helmuth von Königsburg looked long, and then he slipped on to his back, and lay staring up at the ceiling.

"He said 'Mélanie,' too, when he saw her," he kept repeating to himself.

Presently the darkness fell. Helmuth lay still, the night and its sounds were familiar to him; but when the Sister came down, carrying a lantern, he followed her, as he always did, with his eyes. She was going her round before she retired for her brief rest.

"It is well?" she asked softly of Helmuth.

"*Très bien, ma sœur*," he answered.

"Monsieur le Colonel said that when all was not so well," the nun smiled. She came up to the Frenchman's side, stood looking at him. She shaded the lantern so that Von Königsburg could not see her face; but he remarked that she, who never lingered unnecessarily, stood awhile, quiet, still.

The Frenchman moved as if he knew that someone was watching him.

"Mélanie," he muttered.

The Sister bent, changed his position. The word came again, and then the nun glided to the next bed.

"I wonder," thought Helmuth von Königsburg, "if I said 'Mélanie' before I came to myself, and if she stopped beside me like that?"

II.

Helmuth von Königsburg did not know how long after it was, for he had been asleep, when again the gleam of an approaching lantern attracted him. He lay quite still, and because he knew that it could not be Sister Magdalen-Claire, kept his eyes closed. The newcomer came up between the beds, and, soft as the steps were, Von Königsburg detected a masculine firmness about them. He felt the lantern's glow on him, and then the shutting off of the light

made him think that it was turned on the Frenchman. There was a moment's quiet in the house of pain, and in the stillness Von Königsburg fancied that he caught the murmur of his name. Before he could reply it was followed by another whisper.

"First Von Königsburg and then Jules de Pontignac," the watcher muttered. "The long arm of coincidence."

Long after the Marquis de Saumarez—for it was he—had gone, Helmuth lay bereft of sleep. Even had the pain from his leg, broken in two places, been less, slumber would have been impossible. At first he tried to persuade himself that there never had been a man with a lantern, and that the figure, and the whisper of his name, and then the whisper of the name of the man who had once been his dearest friend, but whom for more than fifteen years he had hated as his bitterest enemy, were all a dream.

But the more he thought of it, the surer he was that it was no illusion.

"And he said 'Mélanie' too," he muttered, thinking of the man in the next bed. "If it were Jules de Pontignac, what name was more likely to rise to his lips?"

All the old days came back to Helmuth—the old days of Munich, when he was secretary of the Saxon Legation there, and Jules, the man he loved better than a brother, Military Attaché from Paris. And then came Mélanie des Forêts and her old father, the General (to "economise after Baden," they gave out), and the whole peace of Munich was disturbed. Mélanie was surpassingly beautiful, and Helmuth loved her and Jules loved her, and what was to be a fair rivalry ended in De Pontignac betraying the girl and his friend as well. For certain documents were missing from the Saxon Legation, and everything pointed to Jules, the one man intimate there, as having a hand in their disappearance.

Now, after fifteen years, when he was bald and Jules had probably long since wearied of the girl who had dishonoured herself for him, someone coupled their names, and it might be that they were lying but a pace away from each other. Von Königsburg raised himself on his elbow. Was it Jules?

The Frenchman tossed, as Helmuth contemplated him, threw out an arm. It was the right arm. Von Königsburg recollected that if it were Jules, there ought to be a tattoo just above the wrist. His own bore a similar mark. They were done together, when they did most things in duplicate, before Mélanie came.

The Frenchman turned again. The German watched. There was so little light. How Helmuth longed for daybreak and certainty! If it were Jules—he was chained by the leg, unable to move, and his enemy was unconscious, severely wounded.

Von Königsburg worked himself very cautiously to the side of the cot. He was a big man with strong arms, but the space between these two beds was greater than between any of the others because of the window, and he could not reach across. With a muttered curse between his teeth, he wondered why this Frenchman could not have been put on the right of him, instead of on the left.

He remained at the edge of his cot. The attitude strained him, increased the pain of his wound, but he did not move. The moisture came up about his brow, the bitterness of years welled up in his heart. Would this Frenchman never move? Was he going to remain still the whole night long? Other men tossed and turned and spent restless, pain-racked nights; was this one to lie placid all the hours from eve to dawn?

And if it were Jules de Pontignac, what then? The two words drummed themselves against the German's brain.

He saw the white line of the bandage, and it fascinated him. He began by conjecturing what the face would be like without it; next he reflected that it would be so easy to remove it; after that, he began to speculate about the consequences of its removal.

Then—then—then! He set his teeth. Just loosen it—that was all.

He began to breathe hard. Only unfasten it—and wait. He clenched his hands. They wore hot, burning. The bed was on the left of him, not on the right. His leg was broken, and he could not move—after fifteen years. The Frenchman began to mutter. Helmuth held his head far out to catch the murmur.

"Mélanie," he heard the other whisper, "Mélanie, I love you, and he loves you, but—"

III.

As a thirsty man waits the coming of a cup of cold water, Helmuth von Königsburg longed for daylight. At last the early dawn came filtering, grey, through the fanlight over the High Altar. The German fixed his eyes on the glimmer. "A little longer," he muttered; "only a little longer."

He lay still, watching the streak of cold whiteness, and then

[Continued overleaf.]

HOW JONES MADE A RECORD FOR THE AMBLING ANGLERS.



THE FISHERMAN, THE FIRE, THE POND THAT WAS DRAINED, AND THE CATCH THAT RESULTED.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

suddenly up by the chancel another light, a fierce red glow, shot forth, eclipsing the coming day, and immediately, ringing down the building, followed the one terrible word. "Fire!" The bare little church was in flames.

Already the Sisters and the staff were in the building; already the patients nearest to the outbreak were being carried out. The smoke began to drift down the nave—blinding, stifling volumes of grey woolliness. The crack of woodwork showed that the fire was on the roof of the sacristy. The chancel window, scorched by the heat, flew out with a report like a pistol.

Helmuth von Königsburg realised all his helplessness. He looked to the bed on his left. The Frenchman lay, sunk in stupor. Helmuth ground his teeth. Was there no justice anywhere? Again his adversary had the better of him. He clenched his fist, beat it against his covering. That man, unconscious, would drift into death. But he was spared nothing. With all his senses about him, with all his imagination, with the first returning of his great physical powers, he would suffer to the utmost.

His cot was more than half-way down the church. He tried to calculate the odds against the rescuer in the denseness of the smoke. Frail women were doing marvellous things; the surgeons were working, their sleeves up to their elbows; the Marquis de Saumarez, forgetting his three-score years, was directing the work as composedly as he had once directed a European Conference.

The flames were roaring, the heat was growing unbearable; there was a crash of falling masonry, and then a greyer, denser volume of smoke.

Helmuth gasped for breath. The end. Together! He and Jules de Pontignac!

All at once, out of the smoke, an urgent voice reached him, and emerging close by him was the Sister Magdalen-Claire, a cloth about her mouth, her nun's dress torn, scorched, bedraggled. She staggered towards the bed of the Frenchman. Von Königsburg could hear the sob of her laboured breath. Suddenly the gentle woman raised her arms, and dashed them against the window between the beds with such strength that the leadwork bulged and the glass fell out. A rush of air followed. It would draw down the flames, but for a moment it lightened the atmosphere.

Helmuth could see now that the Sister was not alone, that De Saumarez was beside her. He saw more: he saw that which, even at this horrible moment, made him forget his own condition. He saw that it was no longer a meek, resigned "religious," but a woman alive, insistent, a woman with outstretched hands, one dripping red as the blood flowed from a gash on her wrist, who looked up at the man beside her with a passion-tossed, accusing face.

"Do you not know me?" she cried to De Saumarez. "Look! You owe me something after all these years. I was Mélanie des Forêts, and you owe me the lives of these two men. Did I not buy them? Save them—but save Jules de Pontignac first."

IV.

"*Tiens!* Now, that is well. Monsieur revives: *Dieu merci!* It was the heat and the pain, doubtless. But Monsieur finds himself 'present' again. *C'est bon ça!*" chattered a voice which at first seemed to Helmuth von Königsburg to come from a very long distance. Gradually it appeared to get closer; then he found that he could open his eyes, that he could breathe freely. He looked up: above him was the blue sky. He looked sideways: he was lying on green grass, and a little way from him were low mounds decorated with wooden crosses and with wreaths of immortelles. Then he was in the churchyard. Someone must have carried him out of the burning building. He turned to the other side. On that hand were no mounds, but the level grass was peopled by rows of wounded, and between them moved the villagers—the women chiefly—who, almost hardened by the daily horrors of the war, were stirred to eagerness and helpfulness by this variation in calamities.

The woman who knelt beside Von Königsburg rose, and gave it as her opinion that Monsieur would find himself "re-established."

Helmuth thanked her in her own language, and after she had gone he fell to painfully trying to piece things together in his mind. The first steps of thought were confused enough, but gradually out of the mist emerged two tremendous facts. That Sister Magdalen-Claire was Mélanie des Forêts, and that it was not the man who had loved her, but the man who had wronged her, whom she insisted on saving first. So, even then, his enemy had got the better of him. With a growl of anger he turned farther over. The growl ended in a snarl.

Jules de Pontignac lay beside him—near enough, this time, for him to touch.

His enemy was muttering, beseeching. Helmuth listened, Jules started up, waved his sword-arm. "*Mes braves!*" he implored; "*Mes enfants!*"

So he was living again, not his hours of dalliance with Mélanie, but his last effort for France.

The German, listening, laid up even that against him. "Animal!" he ground out.

Jules sat up, muttering, swaying. In a moment he would try to rise, would fall—then?

The German, lying on his back, his leg giving him fierce pain, his other wounds tormenting him, watched with an evil light in his eyes.

Jules fell back exhausted. But he, his enemy, could reach him.

Helmuth put out his hand.

"What was he about to do? Whatever he did, whatever vengeance

he took would not change the fact that Mélanie had passed him over fifteen years ago, that Mélanie had passed him over an hour ago. With a groan his hand fell.

At that moment an improvised stretcher was carried past him and laid on the grass a little apart. Helmuth looked on with the terrible indifference of familiarity until he caught the flutter of a dress. It was a woman.

The bearers moved aside. Von Königsburg had a better view. He could see that it was one of the Sisters.

A new idea came slowly to him, but at length it filtered into his mind that it might be Mélanie.

Then, his weakness still limiting him to one idea at a time, every consideration was merged in the urgent desire to get to this woman, to look into her face, to be sure if it were or were not Mélanie. He measured the space of greenness between them.

It would mean exquisite pain, it might cripple him for life, but he could drag himself over to her side.

He did it. How he did it only he knew.

It was Mélanie. Now, with her coif pushed back, Von Königsburg wondered how he could have seen her and not recognised her. She smiled when she saw him, anticipated his first words.

"Yes," she began, "it is I, Mélanie. Now that I am about to die I can tell you everything."

He did not combat the notion of death; he did not inquire how she had come by her injuries. He could only realise that the veil, lowered so long ago, was to be lifted at last.

The nun looked at him—understood. What mattered such a trifle as the falling of the crucifix above the porch, loosened by the heat, on to her, as she staggered out, with the cuirassier, dead, in her arms? There were other things that did matter. She must make haste and attend to the one which mattered most of all.

"Jules," she inquired, "is he still unconscious?"

Grimly, Helmuth spoke to that fact.

The woman, already dead to the waist, waited.

"I have so little time," she murmured.

"Yes," acquiesced the man beside her.

Then, as if she had commanded him, the Marquis de Saumarez came up. His eyebrows were burnt away, his white moustache was a brown-tipped stubble, one hand was bandaged.

"I knew," began the dying woman, "that you would come."

"I did not know you," the diplomatist murmured. "I see now the eyes, but the rest—"

The nun waved the explanation away with a gesture.

The old man bent his head. He, too, had no word of sympathy, no expression of regret.

"Tell Helmuth von Königsburg," commanded the nun—"since Jules de Pontignac is still unconscious—the truth."

The German looked up. First he fixed his glance on the woman. He had heard her aright? Then he looked at the man who was reputed to be one of the cleverest diplomats of his day.

"The truth?" he questioned. "Then—"

"Let them hear while I can listen to you," added the nun.

The Marquis de Saumarez knew exactly to what the dying woman referred.

"I will tell them everything," he assured her.

He began. It was one of those incidents that happen more often than people who stay at home and live out placid lives realise. Mélanie des Forêts and her father were sent to Munich by the French Foreign Office to obtain the instructions of Baron von Beust, the Saxon Prime Minister, to his legation there, for it was of the utmost importance that Napoleon III. should know whether Saxony and Bavaria intended to throw in their lot with Austria or with Prussia in the war which ended with the battle of Sadowa.

Mélanie captivated Helmuth, which was a help to the business in hand; she fell genuinely in love with Jules, which was a great hindrance. All the girl's better self was roused, and she appealed to the Marquis de Saumarez, then watching the minor Courts of Germany in the French interest, to be let off her engagement. But De Saumarez and the Foreign Office at Paris were inexorable, and the threat to reveal the whole of her father's perfidious career silenced her. Jules was recalled at once, and sent on an out-of-the-way mission, while matters were so arranged in Munich that Helmuth should think that the woman he loved and the man who had been his friend had first stooped to the theft of official papers and had then disappeared together.

The tale was hardly told, and Von Königsburg had certainly not estimated it in all its bearings, when the ambulance from Laon came up. Sister Magdalen-Claire was lifted into it.

"It is but to die," she said contentedly.

She looked at Helmuth, and Helmuth looked at her.

"Mélanie," was all he could falter.

But the nun's eyes, dimming already, went past him, sought among the rows of figures. "Carry me," she began; and then, perhaps because she recollected that one who has taken the veil has neither father nor mother, nor yet one loved supremely, she closed her lips and shut her eyes.

After the sad procession had gone Helmuth was lifted on to the straw scattered on the grass under the wagon-sheet, and one of the Sisters insisted on his drinking a cordial.

That so far revived him that he looked eagerly at each of his neighbours. This time neither of them was Jules de Pontignac. His glance wandered back to the man on his left.

"I wish it were old Jules," he muttered . . . and then he slept.

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

YET another most important "elder son" is at last about to join the ranks of the Benedicks. This is the Earl of Ronaldshay, who has just become engaged to Miss Cicely Archdale. Lord Ronaldshay, though he is still quite a young man, is already a noted writer and traveller, as well as a keen politician. He has made the Far East his very special study, and so is able to speak of, and deal with, many vital world-problems with far more knowledge than usually falls to the lot of a young M.P. He is also a valuable adherent to the cause of Tariff Reform. Hitherto, when in town, Lord Ronaldshay has lived with his parents, Lord and Lady Zetland, in Arlington Street; but it is at Aske, Lord Zetland's splendid country place in Yorkshire, that he keeps the many mementos of his travels, which have included Persia, India, Siberia, China, and, last not least, Japan. His fiancée is the second daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Mervyn Archdale, late 12th Lancers, and the marriage is sure to be one of the great events of the winter season.

A Friend of the King and of the Tsar.

Sir Donald McKenzie Wallace, who has been paying his customary autumn visit to the King, has a most interesting and little-known personality. Of medium height, thick-set, with fast-whitening beard and hair, this scion of an old Dumbartonshire stock has seen some strange sights in his sixty-six years of existence. He might have sunk into obscurity as a professor of law, but travel and knowledge of men and things gave him a stirring career. He was chosen to be in close attendance on the present Tsar during his tour in India and Ceylon, and that Sir Donald has retained his Imperial Majesty's friendship is shown by his frequent visits to the Winter Palace and Gatschina. Probably



A MAN WHOSE HEIGHT BROUGHT HIM 70,000 FRANCS: THE 7 FT. 8 IN. SEÑOR FIRMIN ARRUDI.

Señor Firmin Arrudi claims to be the tallest man in the world, and comes from Sallent, in the Spanish Pyrenees. For a year he showed himself in South America, and made 70,000 francs; then, being a wise man, he returned to his native village, married, and is living on the interest of his earnings.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

no living Englishman knows more about Russia than Sir Donald, and he is the author of an intensely interesting book on that great country.

An Historic Thames-side Villa.

Pope's Villa is to be put up for auction. What a chance for a millionaire endowed with the historic sense! The delightfully quaint-looking building, familiar to all Londoners who spend their spare days on the river, has been fortunate in its owners, and, it may be added, in its owners' friends, for, after having seen all the most noted wits of the eighteenth century—it is said that Gay wrote the "Beggar's Opera" when a guest in the house—it has now been for considerably more than a quarter of a century the property of Mr. Labouchere. The most curious survival of

Pope's Villa is the grotto, of which he wrote an enthusiastic description in 1725, which remains very much as he left it. The delightful gardens are noted for their weeping-willows, which, it is said, the formidable author of the "Dunciad"—which, by the way, was written at Twickenham—first introduced into England. There Mr. and Mrs. Labouchere used to give most delightful parties, at which they brought together very literally all the world and his wife. Mrs. Labouchere used to organise brilliant outdoor plays. On one occasion the pastoral scenes from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" were given, with a record cast, for Miss Norreys was Puck, poor Kate Vaughan the most graceful of Titianias, George Augustus Sala a most diverting Bottom, while Miss Fortescue, in the zenith of her beauty, played Hermia!

The Malcolms of Pottaloch.

Colonel E. D. Malcolm of Pottaloch, who has just sold one of his estates in Argyllshire to the Government, to be made into a State forest, is a handsome old soldier who will soon complete his threescore years and ten. He is both a Crimean and a Mutiny veteran, and wears the clasp for the Relief of Lucknow. In Society he is perhaps better known as the owner of a wonderful strain of white Scottish terriers. The Pottaloch terrier is a sharp, game little fellow, with charming manners. The late Lord Malcolm gave one to the Princess Royal, and the dog quite took the place of the little black Pomeranian in her Royal Highness's regard. Colonel Malcolm is also eminent as the father of Mr. Ian Malcolm, who married the daughter of Lady de Bathe (Mrs. Langtry).

English, Quite English.

The Leeds Musical Festival, which opens to-day, is very dear to the heart of Sir Arthur Sullivan in the days when he was conductor there. It was at Leeds that he saw



THE STATUE OF POPE'S GREAT DANE ON THE LAWN OF THE VILLA AT TWICKENHAM.

The figure of the Great Dane is on the lawn, and marks the burial-place of the dog.

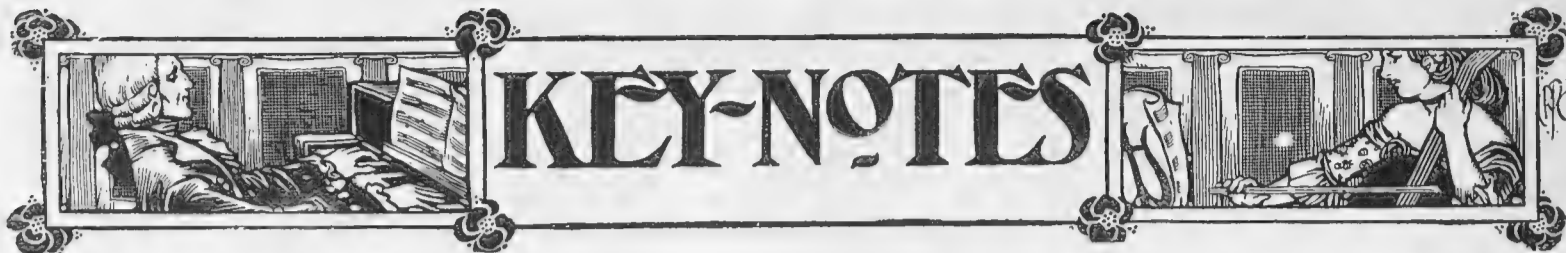
Photograph supplied by J. C. Bristow Noble.



MR. LABOUCHERE'S THAMES-SIDE HOUSE FOR SALE BY AUCTION: POPE'S VILLA, TWICKENHAM.

The famous "Pope's Villa" has been Mr. Labouchere's property for over a quarter of a century. He is having it put up for auction at the end of this month.

Photograph supplied by J. C. Bristow Noble.



IF the majority of the performances at Covent Garden this autumn maintain the standard of the first, there should be no anxiety about the result from an artistic or a financial point of view. Seldom has an opening performance gone more smoothly, seldom have artists shown more clearly that they have placed a summer holiday to their credit. From the first act to the last "Madama Butterfly" held the house with a great part of the grip exhibited two years ago, when it was given for the first time at Covent Garden. In the name-part, Madame Giachetti acted very finely and sang with great feeling and delicacy, seldom forcing her voice beyond the point at which the purity of tone can no longer be retained. Signor Bassi sang better than he did in the grand season, and confirmed our early impression that he is about to take a permanent place in the regard of London audiences. The newcomer, Signor de Luca, made a favourable début in the part of Sharpless, the American Consul, though we did not like his costume and could have spared his monocle. His voice is not a large one, but the intonation is pure and he has a very artistic sincerity of purpose. Madame Lejeune was as fine as ever in the part of Suzuki, and Signor Panizza's rule over the orchestra was quite admirable. Supported by picked players, who were readily responsive to his mood, he brought out all the beauty in Puccini's score, and a large audience acknowledged his ability.

If Kreisler plays to American audiences as he played at his recital last week they will surely reckon him among the very greatest soloists that they have attracted to their country. There are violinists in plenty who excel in either show piece or concerto, or in work that requires a strong vein of sentiment in the player's temperament; but Fritz Kreisler is one of the fortunate few who seem to know how to interpret all music. In his programme at the Queen's Hall recital he passed from Goldmark to Bach, and thence to a little Scherzando by Porpora, a Ballade by Moszkowski, and Paganini's extraordinary variations upon an aria by Rossini, the "Non più mesta." From the majestic serenity of Bach to the pleasing sentiment of Moszkowski is a far cry, but Kreisler gave the impression that no interpreter could have done better with either, and when he played Paganini's amazing composition the difficulties seemed to melt away like dew in sunlight. From first to last the player's mastery over his audience was complete. To the full extent of its capacity to respond he appealed to it; he seemed to reach each individual member of the audience. In short, for all the wealth of violin-playing at London's command it must be confessed that we can seldom listen to work that stands side by side with that of the distinguished Viennese artist.

The applause that was given to the new violin concerto by Sibelius when played at the Promenade Concerts last week was probably evoked by the spirited work of Mr. H. Verbruggen, who leads the orchestra and presented the piece. The music appeared to bristle with difficulties, but Mr. Verbruggen surmounted them with a facility that deserved all the recognition it received. But why did Sibelius give long hours to the making of such a dreary score, and why was it given at the Promenade Concerts? It lasted for a full half hour, and the moments when the musician had anything definite to say and said it gracefully were very few and far between. The thematic material is so poor, the orchestral colouring so dull, that the concerto must be written down a dismal failure. Another concerto, this time for piano and orchestra, was given on Wednesday last. It is the work of Mr. Edward Isaacs, a young musician, born in 1881, and educated in Manchester and Germany. He played his own work, and showed himself a neat and effective pianist. The concerto is by no means lacking in interest. Skill and ingenuity are displayed, and the relation of the solo instrument to the orchestra has been well thought out. Perhaps the work is too German in thought and feeling to be regarded as the direct inspiration of a young musician born and bred in England, but it is full of promise, and has more accomplishment than is usually associated with early efforts.



MISS MARIE HALL'S FIRST MASTER IN LONDON: PROFESSOR JOHANN KRUSE.

As we note under the portrait of Herr Backhaus, Professor Kruse will play at a Sonata Recital at the Æolian Hall on the 19th of this month. He taught Miss Marie Hall before the famous young violinist went to Sevcik.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

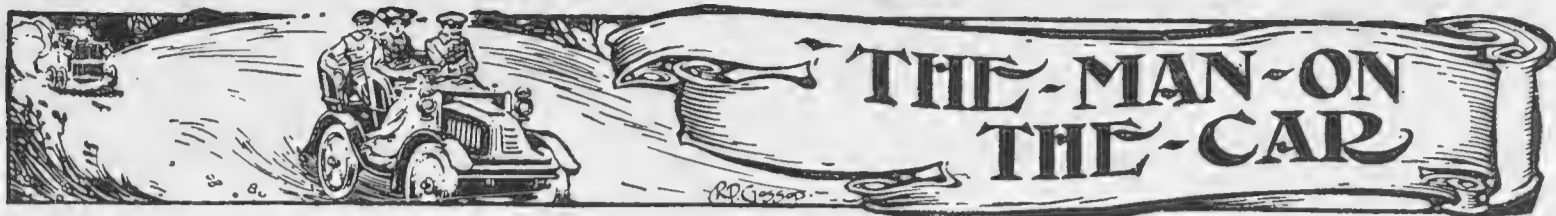
The arrangements for Sunday music in the Metropolis are excellent. The London Symphony Orchestra at the Albert Hall, and the Queen's Hall Orchestra at the Queen's Hall have started their

six months' season, and the reproach of the London Sunday is being removed. At Albert Hall a long succession of distinguished conductors hailing from home and abroad will wield the bâton in the next few months, and the list of soloists is at once imposing and satisfactory. It has been decided, too, to hold a full orchestral rehearsal every week, and this is as it should be, having regard to the varied readings that different conductors impose upon their players. At the same time, it must add greatly to the labours of men who often work seven days a week. Rehearsals, private lessons, afternoon and evening concerts, occasional private work, and regular Sunday engagements, must make many a performer wish that his endurance could expand side by side with his engagements. And to make matters worse for the tired player, his fatigue is soon felt by the audience. He must be at concert pitch all the time; as soon as the orchestra becomes mechanical or listless in its handling of a score, the fact is apparent to the great majority of those present.—COMMON CHORD.



HERR WILHELM BACKHAUS, WHO GAVE HIS ONLY RECITAL OF THE SEASON AT QUEEN'S HALL ON SATURDAY LAST.

It was arranged that Herr Backhaus should give selections from Bach, Beethoven, Liszt, and Chopin. He will also appear at the Æolian Hall on October 19, together with Professor Johann Kruse, at a Sonata Recital in memory of the late Dr. Joachim.—[Photograph by Histed.]



A PRACTICAL TYRE-INFLATOR AT LAST—A 920 BY 120 TYRE TO A PRESSURE OF 80 LB. PER SQUARE INCH IN LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES—THE £10,000 CHALLENGE ACCEPTED BY HUNTLY WALKER—THE AIRY ANTOINETTE.

TO motorists of experience no need exists to dwell upon the "demd horrid grind" of inflating a big pneumatic tyre from atmosphere pressure to the absolutely necessary 80 to 90 lb. per square inch. Who, single-handed, having struggled long and earnestly with the detachment and attachment of a refractory cover, prised from its native rim for the first time, has not, this portion of his arduous labour completed, viewed the blowing-up job with something like dismay? There, within a foot or two, was a potentiality in the shape of an engine of anything from 10 to 40 h.p., helpless to aid for lack of some little apparatus to place between the twain. Well, in this matter, as in many others connected with motor-tyre manipulation, the great firm of Michelin has taken thought in our interest, and presented us with a proved and simple device, which at once lifts the heavy burden of inflation from our shoulders.

For many months past Messrs. Michelin and Co. have had what may be termed a little air-ram under trial, and now that they have fully satisfied themselves as to its efficiency, the apparatus has been put upon the market. Simple as the inflator is, it is, nevertheless, difficult to convey a clear idea of its construction or operation without a sketch. The Michelin inflator can be fitted on any convenient part of the car, as it is hardly bigger than a collar-box, and very much the same shape. It is connected at will to two cylinders of the engine, which become air-pumps, the other two driving, and the compressed air from the two first-named cylinders operates the inflator, and serves to compress a portion of itself still further, and deliver it to the tyre. The inflator will charge a 920 by 120 tyre to a pressure of 80 lb. to the square inch in a little over four minutes. It can be supplied and fitted for £13.

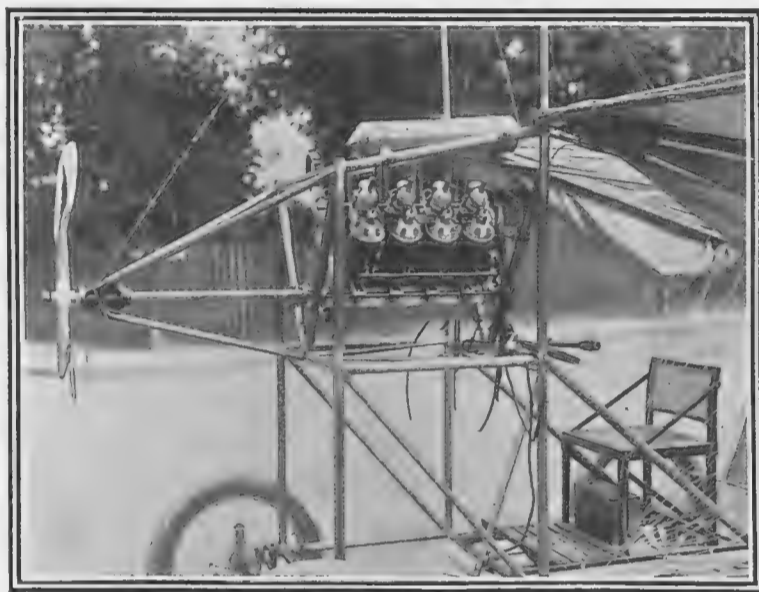
The automobile world of this country and the Continent will assuredly be stirred to its uttermost depths if the acceptance of Mr. S. F. Edge's £10,000 challenge, which has been conditionally taken up by

Mr. Huntly Walker, really comes to a head. In a letter of inordinate length which has gone the round of the Press, Mr. Huntly Walker professes himself ready and willing to meet Mr. Edge with a single vehicle or a team of cars, to compete over one mile or five hundred miles for £5000 a side. These cars shall all be

in conformity with the Grand Prix conditions of 1906 or the Grand Prix conditions of 1907, or best and best cars, the deciding races to take place at Brooklands before the end of the present month. Now, those who do not know Mr. Edge are very ready to suggest that his challenge is all bluff; but his friends are quite confident that it is a bonâ-fide gage and that he means what he says. Let us all, therefore, hope that the contests will be satisfactorily arranged, and that something like a Homeric combat of cars will draw many thousands of people to Brooklands before October has passed away.

When one recalls the fact that automobile engineers have spent much time and money in reducing the weight of the motor-car generally, and the internal-combustion engine in particular, it is not remarkable that daring invaders of the air like Santos-Dumont, Colonel Capper, and others have turned to the motor industry for their motive-power. Pound by pound, kilogramme by kilogramme, the weight per horse-power has been reduced until we have the justly celebrated many-cylindere "Antoinette" engine,

which is produced to turn the scale at something under 2 lb. per h.p. This is the motor which has proved so successful in the propulsion of the Aldershot airship, Nulli Secundus. Although French in origin, it is made in this country by the Adams Manufacturing Company, Limited, of Bedford, who make the well-known and much-appreciated Adams cars, with "only pedals to push." The Antoinette engine has aluminium cylinder-heads, and a tiny carburetter to each of the cylinders, which are in two rows at 90 deg. to each other and 45 deg. to the vertical.



THE TYPE OF MOTOR THAT DRIVES THE BRITISH DIRIGIBLE WAR-BALLOON: A 24-H.P. ANTOINETTE ENGINE.

The many-cylindere Antoinette engine has become celebrated for use with aeroplanes and dirigible balloons. It turns the scale at something like 2 lb. per h.p. It has aluminium cylinder-heads, and a tiny carburetter to each of the cylinders, which are in two rows at 90 degrees to each other and 45 degrees to the vertical.

Photograph by M. Rol and Co.

for their motive-power. Pound by pound, kilogramme by kilo-



THE BISHOP WHO BEAT THE PRESIDENT: THE BISHOP OF LONDON LEAVING AYLMER (ONTARIO) STATION, EN ROUTE FOR HIS BROTHER'S FARM.

The Bishop, as everyone knows, has made himself more famous than ever by beating the strenuous President Roosevelt at tennis. His Lordship's brother and his sister-in-law are seated in the back of the car.

Photograph by H. Renbold.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

KEMPTON—DEFAULTERS—JUMPING—STARTING PRICES.

IT goes without the saying that there will be a great crowd at Kempton on Friday and Saturday, as the Sunbury enclosure always attracts a big gate at this season of the year. Next to Sandown, I should say Kempton has the biggest list of members of any race-club in the country. The subscription is now ten guineas

per annum, with five guineas entrance-fee, but there are yet no end of old members living who pay only five guineas per annum. In dealing with clubs, I think it right to quote one of the club rules in vogue at Kempton. It reads thus—

If any member be adjudicated a bankrupt, or shall make any composition with his creditors under any Bankruptcy Act or otherwise, or shall have a receiving order made against him, or shall be declared a defaulter on the Stock Exchange, or a defaulter on the Turf, he shall, *ipso facto*, cease to be a member of the Club, and shall forfeit all right and claim of membership or otherwise of every description; but on application being made by such member to the Club Committee, stating

the cause of such adjudication in bankruptcy, making of composition or arrangement, or receiving order, or default on the Stock Exchange or Turf, as the case may be, such member may be restored to his former rights by the Committee (who shall be specially called for the purpose) if the Committee are of opinion that his re-admission is desirable.

I hope the rule, which is a good one, is stoutly enforced. It should be in vogue in all clubs, as we can do without defaulters.

As I have before stated, the coming jumping season will, weather permitting, be the busiest we have experienced for years. It is gratifying to hear that the Duke of Westminster is to have a useful string of steeplechasers under the charge of Phillips at Epsom. The latter is a most capable trainer, well educated and enterprising, and I should like to see him win the Grand National for his latest patron. Hartigan has some useful jumpers in his stable at Weyhill, and these will have to be followed at the beginning of the season, as they have all been in steady work for some time. J. J. Maher, I notice, has arrived at Winchester with his team from Ireland. Mr. Maher is certain to annex some valuable prizes between now and March next. I am told that Sam Darling junior will have several jumpers under his charge at Newmarket, and that Captain Dewhurst will play a strong hand. He may have one or two of the King's horses besides Nulli Secundus. Willie Nightingall has a stable filled with horses, many of which will be put over the sticks. Mr. Tabor has twenty horses in training, and another stable at Epsom that should be dangerous to oppose is the one presided over by Mr. C. R. Hodgson and Miss Woodland. The lady trainer is often to be seen on her hack watching the early morning work. Mr. Bob Gore has a useful lot of platers in his stable at Findon, and his near neighbour, Mr. Saunders Davies, at Michael Grove, is going in strong for the winter pastime. Harry Escott, T. Smith, and T. Fitton will ably uphold the honour and glory of Lewes. The Midlands will be well represented by Willie Woodland, Coulthwaite, and R. P'Anson junior, all of whom know their business thoroughly.

Hallick, of Lambourn, who trains jockeys as well as horses, will have a long string of jumpers. Altogether, the winter prospects are most encouraging.

With so many accidents happening to first favourites for big handicaps it is little matter for wonder that ante-post betting has become very unpopular with owners, who have found out that they can do better by waiting until the day and content themselves by betting starting-price. Often, indeed, it is possible to get a better price at the post than one is offered in the London clubs some days before the race. Layers with so-called long-price books are dreadful cowards, and immediately they get an inspired offer to back any animal in a race they curtail the price against that particular animal. I know the case of one owner who felt compelled to put money on other people's horses on the course and back his own away at starting-price by the aid of strange commission agents. By this means he got something approaching a fair price when his own horse won. We have no bookmakers now of the Davis or Gully type. Only the other day I heard of one of the biggest men in the ring who positively refused to trade at any price on one of the favourites for the Cesarewitch, simply because he thought the money came from the stable. There is a good opening for a plucky layer who would offer fair prices in an ante-post book on the big handicaps. The late Mr. R. H. Fry once told me that he seldom made money on the classic races, but he invariably got home on his long-price books on the big handicaps if he did not turn away money—that is, if he accommodated all his clients. True, the favourite often wins, but there are thousands of level-headed people who always back outsiders, and accidents do occasionally happen to the favourites, with the result that the "bookie" is often "over round" before the start of the race.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



MAKER OF THE REMARKABLE DRIVE OF 391 YARDS:
MR. W. H. HORNE.

Mr. Horne is the professional attached to the Beckenham Golf Club, and a few days ago he made the remarkable drive already mentioned. Mr. Horne, who was born in 1880, learnt his golf at Littlestone. After serving in South Africa during the recent war, he became professional at the Royal Guernsey Golf Club. Last year he went to Carlsbad, laid out the links, and managed them for the season.



FROM CHURCH TO TURF: MR. A. W. PARKES, FORMERLY VICAR OF APP-KETTLEBY-CUM-HOLWELL, LEICESTERSHIRE, NOW A PROFESSIONAL TRAINER OF RACEHORSES.

Mr. Parkes, popularly known as "Parson Parkes," was educated at the Universities of Dublin, Durham, and Cambridge, was ordained in 1889, held a curacy in Derbyshire, and then became Vicar of App-Kettleby-cum-Holwell. Mr. Parkes was always a keen sportsman, and at a time of financial loss he turned to the Turf. On giving up his living he became a professional trainer, acting for Mr. E. O. Blakely, and winning 28 races in his first year, 49 in his second year, and 43 in his third year. He is now training for Mr. W. H. Pawson at Epsom. He claims to have trained 300 winners. The best known of these are I O U, Lady Moaho, Proud Chieftain, Merry Carlisle, and Miss Crunkhill. [Photograph by the World's Graphic Press.]

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Mrs. Creighton on Man.

Whatever Mrs. Creighton says is wise, and not unseldom witty, so that when she writes on "Some Modern Ideas about Women's Education" the most careless of us must needs sit up and listen. The lady thinks that there is a reaction in man in favour of the domestic woman, and this for the potent reason that the modern woman has failed in her first social duty—namely, that of "feeding the brute." The intellectual young person being decidedly sketchy about food, she is apt to impose her tastes on her conjugal partner when she marries, and this is an outrage which no masculine person with the spirit of a mouse will (or should) tolerate. But Mrs. Creighton sees to the heart of the matter when she points out that girls are apt to live on tea and sardines because society is not prepared to pay them a salary which will enable them to purchase beef and burgundy. And seeing that it is the masculine partner in the household who cares most about the menu, Mrs. Creighton makes the adorable suggestion that in a state of society where labour will be rewarded equally, "it would turn out that the work of both ordering and cooking the dinner devolved upon the men, seeing that it is they who care most for it!"

The Joy of Eating.

It is obvious from the above remarks that the joy of eating should be cultivated by the petticoated folk if they wish to be popular and successful. George Meredith's ideal heroine was always a young person who could consume at a sitting a rump steak and half-a-pint of Pommard. He has no patience with your namby-pamby misses who cannot eat a hearty dinner. Besides, *gourmandise* must be carefully cultivated in early and middle life, so as to be a solace and resource for one's old age. It is not given to everyone to be passionately pious, or addicted to cards, philanthropy, or music; whereas a good dinner is a diurnal festival which can be celebrated with proper and elaborate rites. Greediness, again, is an innocent vice which can be indulged in by both sexes, and in the most agreeable company; and, indeed, I have known elderly Darbies and Joans who had not another idea to share wax really eloquent about the dishes on the table. Their mutual joy in eating had kept them faithful, amused, and agreeable when passion's trance was overpast and they had ceased to have any other interest in common.

Why People Go to the Play.

I have never been able to satisfy myself on what principle, or for what reason, people take seats at the theatres. Yet the box-offices and the libraries could tell some curious tales about playgoers. We all of us know the timid lady who inquires, first of all, if any revolvers, rifles, or guns are fired in the piece before she planks down her half-guinea. Then, numbers of persons will not enter any theatre—no matter if the greatest genius in the world is acting—if there are steps to go up or down, or if a curtainless door should cause a draught to wanton on the backs of their necks. On the whole, one prefers these purely material reasons to the sentimental ones which

govern other people's choice of a play. Some folk (and I confess I am among them) are not fond of deaths on the stage; I prefer the characters to put an end to themselves with neatness and dispatch behind the scenes. It is a survival of barbarism to ask us to assist at all the unpleasant contortions of dissolution, and we should no more be forced to assist at this process of nature than to be the unwilling spectators of another process—that of birth. But there is a still larger class of playgoers who insist on a happy ending, and of this class the archetype was the old Austrian General who always demanded, in stentorian tones, at the Vienna box-offices, "Bekommen sie sich?" ("Do the lovers marry?"), and only when the answer was in the affirmative did he pay his money and take his seat.

The Dandy Eulogised.

Many of the critics and wits—notably Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Max Beer-bohm—have elected to write deliberately in defence of dandies; but, though Woman possesses a multitude of fashion-papers, no serious feminine pen—at any rate in England—has ever undertaken to write a defence of the feminine love for dress. And yet it is one of the most instinctive of human passions, and even Mr. Andrew Lang—whom I had not previously pictured as foppish—declares that if we must be clothed we ought to be clothed to perfection. This is a feminine ideal to which few of us attain, but now that so eminent a scholar and student has declared for the masculine dandy, we on the spindle side need not be afraid any longer to proclaim our devotion to the civilised equivalents of beads and blankets, of red-raddle and woad.

The Mode of Africa.

There is no doubt that Africa is the continent which interests the civilised folk of the twentieth century more than any other, and after Mr. Winston Churchill's tour, and the inevitable and brilliant book which he will write about it, we shall see all Society rushing off to navigate the Great Lakes, and to see with their own eyes some of the mysteries of the virgin forests of the interior. I should not wonder if Uganda—which in parts has a magnificent climate—were to become the fashion as a winter resort, for it is clear that our restless aristocracy and plutocracy are getting tired of the tame pleasures of the Riviera and the Nile. For Africa has an extraordinary allurements which few people can resist who have once been under its spell. The late Mary Kingsley was even enamoured of the damp and pestiferous West Coast; while Proconsuls and explorers like Sir Harry Johnston, once having breathed the altitudes of Kilimanjaro, will confess to you that they are profoundly bored with the mild climate and milder excitements of a city like Tunis. And, finally, Miss Mary Hall, who has made the stupendous journey from the Cape to Cairo, will certainly inspire her feminine contemporaries to follow in the traces of her litter.



AN AUTUMN COAT AND SKIRT IN DAHLIA-COLOURED CLOTH,
TRIMMED WITH BRAID.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN - ABOUT - TOWN.

THERE is a decidedly autumnal tint about the dresses in town just now. October is a month for weddings. At those which have already taken place the principal colourings have been grey, of the dark soft shades known as elephant, and smoked browns, deep rich purples, and bronze hues. I don't think women look better in anything than in rich, soft, subdued autumn dress. Girls score in summer attire, but the pretty woman is at her best in autumn, when she can wear with her rich attire some luxurious and beautiful fur. Then, too, it is this year the dainty vogue to have semi-transparent sleeves to cloth and velvet gowns. These are matched by a collar-band and small chemisette, so that the gowns look light and pretty. Lunching the other day at a smart West-End restaurant, I noticed that almost every dress had net or lawn or chiffon sleeves, and the effect was of delightful dressiness. Not yet do I see many long sleeves to the wrist, but each day a few more seem introduced.

Lady Dorothy Meynell, who was married last week, went away in such a graceful, charming dress of fawn-coloured velvet, made in Princess style, with some very neat little touches in detail. Her hat, a picturesque-looking one, was of similar velvet, and with it a sable stole and muff went perfectly. I thought I had never seen a more well-bred looking costume. There is quite a large difference between that attribute in dress and smartness. It is possible to look smart without looking distinguished; to look well-bred implies an element of smartness and the element most to be desired. Fussy dressing seems to be quite out of vogue, except for hats. And even those I observe as I look round me at a wedding are much quieter than those I see in the streets, and neater in size. Women may well welcome a return to something of the Cavalier shape, for nothing is more becoming in quite a distinguished way.

The royal French clockmaker is a character with whom I have always deeply sympathised. The fascination of clocks is a positive witchery, even the outsiders; when one has an intimate acquaintance with their intricate insides I can quite understand that affairs of state came in a bad second with royal Louis. Few people know what a splendid collection of clocks can be seen any day at the fine gallery of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, 112, Regent Street. We Londoners know less of London than our visitors from abroad, one of whom introduced me to this feast of clocks last week. I was greatly taken with a new idea of the firm, which is to have small and very shapely versions of a grandfather clock for London flats. These are very handsome, and fit into places in these twentieth-century town residences that would not accommodate a regulation grandfather clock. Delightfully ornamental, and, oh! so useful, are small upstanding clocks with beautiful dials for corners in flats. Yachtsmen will be charmed with yacht clocks in round and steering-wheel cases, chiming ships' bells, which can be removed when the yacht lies up and used in hall or library. These are in plain brass and plain bronze. In these metals, too, are Gothic and Doric clocks, which are very handsome. There is a collection of antique clocks and reproductions from the antique that is quite a study. The first reproduction of the celebrated timepiece from Fontainebleau is among them, with the two ornaments to match. People wanting a clock should send for the Watch and Clock Illustrated Catalogue, and see for themselves at what moderate prices they can get beautiful and reliable timekeepers. It is so satisfactory to have an interior which matches in merit the handsome outside of our favourite household gods, the clocks.

A famous leader of fashion was announced to be seriously ill



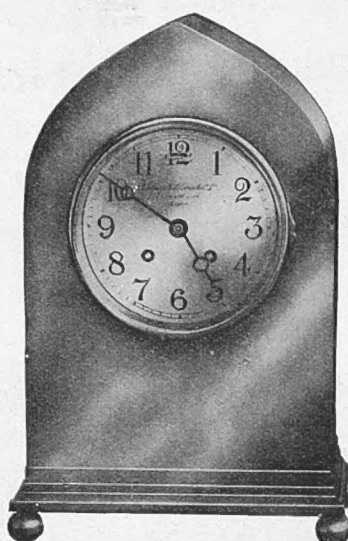
MISS RUBY FEETUM AS THE DANCING GIRL IN "THE MOUNTBANKS."

Miss Feetum, a young amateur, has achieved much success in London in Gilbert and Sullivan and Gilbert and Cellier operas. Her first success was in "The Gondoliers," and her most recent in "The Mountbanks." At a recent competition organised by the British Empire Shakespeare Society and held at the St. James's Theatre, Miss Feetum gained a special first prize, awarded by Miss Irene Vanbrugh.

Photograph by Hana.

than our visitors from abroad, one of whom introduced me to this feast of clocks last week. I was greatly taken with a new idea of the firm, which is to have small and very shapely versions of a grandfather clock for London flats. These are very handsome, and fit into places in these twentieth-century town residences that would not accommodate a regulation grandfather clock. Delightfully ornamental, and, oh! so useful, are small upstanding clocks with beautiful dials for corners in flats. Yachtsmen will be charmed with yacht clocks in round and steering-wheel cases, chiming ships' bells, which can be removed when the yacht lies up and used in hall or library. These are in plain brass and plain bronze. In these metals, too, are Gothic and Doric clocks, which are very handsome. There is a collection of antique clocks and reproductions from the antique that is quite a study. The first reproduction of the celebrated timepiece from Fontainebleau is among them, with the two ornaments to match. People wanting a clock should send for the Watch and Clock Illustrated Catalogue, and see for themselves at what moderate prices they can get beautiful and reliable timekeepers. It is so satisfactory to have an interior which matches in merit the handsome outside of our favourite household gods, the clocks.

last week—Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, sister to the Countess of Warwick, and sister-in-law to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. Lady Algy, as she is known to her familiars, is never seen save at the very point of perfection as regards her clothes. She possesses a wonderful figure, and a head singularly well set and always beautifully dressed. Very individual in style, it has always been her way to adopt the newest ideas and make them, as it were, her own. She never possessed the regular featural beauty of Lady Warwick, but she is extraordinarily *chic*, and has the merit of making just the right impression. She has also made a study of gardening, like Lady Warwick, and lately started a fruit-bottling industry. Her only child, Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, went out to her at Capri directly she heard of her illness. She is rather like her mother, and like her in that she, too, is always beautifully turned out. I hope Lady Algernon will recover from her severe attack of appendicitis, and appear for many a season among the few best-dressed women discernible in the mass of those well-dressed at fashionable functions. Lady Warwick, who is devoted to her only sister, with whom she insisted on sharing the property that she as elder daughter inherited, is in America on business. The Duchess of Sutherland and the Countess of Westmorland are Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox's half-sisters.



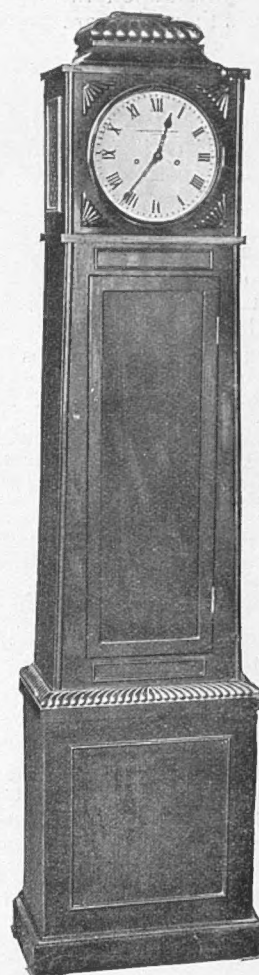
A BRASS STRIKING CLOCK, FOR USE IN LIBRARIES, AT THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS, 112, REGENT STREET, W.

On "Woman's Ways" page will be found a drawing of an autumn coat and skirt which is quite up to date. It is in dahlia-coloured cloth, and the trimming executed in thick braid is like the macaroni work so much in vogue. It has a well-cut waistcoat of much paler hue cloth, these being quite features of autumn costumes, and the coat is cut away in Louis Seize style. The waist or blouse is of chiffon, paler in colour than the cloth by many shades; it is, indeed, a clover tone, and has sleeves finely pleated to the wrist. The buttons on the waistcoat are amethyst and enamel. It is curious how much we use the word "waist" instead of "blouse" now. It is, of course, Americanese to which we are taking very kindly.

"THE BELLE OF THE BALL," AT THE EMPIRE.

THE Empire directors have acted with great skill and judgment. Mindful of the sad fact that Adeline Genée is soon to cross the Atlantic and that the charm of her presence must cease with the close of the year to be one of their most valuable assets, they have produced a species of variety entertainment founded largely upon old comic operas. Really and truly, there is no material for a grievance. Seldom has the house given its patrons a brighter, merrier, or more amusing hour than "The Belle of the Ball" provides. It is not ballet; but, then, it does not pretend to be. It is just an engaging and sparkling medley of dancing and miming, attractively dressed, cleverly staged, and carried through with all the energy and high spirits that are required to hold the attention of an audience that takes nothing for granted. Adeline Genée has not very much to do, but it is quite needless to say how well she does it. Her work leaves its own indelible impression remaining in the memory when that of her associates is mixed and blurred and has ceased to suggest anything definite. Very good, though of course on another plane, are Elise Clerc and Fred Farren, whose work, though it may remain outside the domain of art, is skilful and exhilarating. If one may judge from the genuine enthusiasm of the first night, the Empire's latest effort is going to take rank with the special attractions of the autumn season.

Messrs. Peter Robinson, Limited, of Oxford Street, W., will hold a grand exhibition of fine furs on Monday, Oct. 14, and following days, comprising all the latest models, and everything that is new and smart in fashionable peltry. During the exhibition they will offer several special lots of fashionable furs at prices which are in many instances fully one third to one half less than the present season prices.



A NEW IDEA: A MINIATURE HALL CLOCK FOR FLATS, AT THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS, 112, REGENT ST., W.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 28.

HOME RAILS.

THE wet blanket of Labour still hangs heavily over the Home Railway market, and until it is removed, neither booming traffics, fairly easy money, nor any other bull point is of the least use. Slowly, yet none the less surely, many people are beginning to think that perhaps, after all, a straight fight would be better than the present indefinite state of affairs; but we are very doubtful if things will come to a crisis just now, for it is current gossip that by one of the curious ironies of fate the bulk of the funds of the Amalgamated Society are in Railway stocks, and not only is there great depreciation at present, but if it came to a strike they would probably be unsaleable for the time being, so that to provide strike pay might be difficult. It is rather a comical situation when you come to think of it! Meanwhile, prices keep sagging, and buyers will continue scarce until something more definite is known of the probable outcome.

SOME TRUSTS.

Some of the best of the Deferred stocks of the big group of Financial Trust Companies can be bought at present at prices which can only be described as absurdly cheap when compared with their intrinsic value. I would single out especially the first three of the stocks mentioned in the list at the end of this article. The Deferred stock of the Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust Company stands in a class by itself, for the vast bulk of its capital is invested in Government stocks, Bonds and Debentures of a high class, which in anything short of a general cataclysm will continue to pay their interest. The Company is paying a steady 7 per cent. on the Deferred stock, and this rate is not at all likely to diminish. The official estimate for the current year is for a net increase of income of £1680. The stock is worth at least £20 per cent. more than the current price. The Deferred stock of the Foreign, American, and General Trust, again, is a very fine investment at its present price. The dividend last year was raised to 6 per cent., and £16,625 was carried forward. For the current year the official estimate is for a total increase of income of £3346. On March 5 last the valuation of securities showed a surplus of £160,000 over the capital. The River Plate and General Investment Trust Company is a smaller company, which has been steadily improving its position from year to year. For 1906, 6 per cent. was paid on the Deferred stock, while for the current year an interim dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. has already been paid, as against 4½ per cent. last year. The improved position of the Company is further shown by the fact that it has recently issued £150,000 of 4 per cent. Debenture stock. The investment of this sum should further benefit the holders of the Deferred stock.

At the last annual meeting the Chairman remarked: "Allowing par value for your Preferred stock, the value of the investments makes the marketable, or, rather, I should say, the break-up value of your Deferred stock 135 to 140." This is not the only Trust Company which has raised further capital during the present year. The Industrial and General Trust, the Investment Trust Corporation, and others have seized the very favourable opportunity for investment to increase their capital; and it speaks volumes for the strong position of Trust Companies generally that they should have been able to do this in times such as have existed throughout the year on the Stock Markets. The following are some of the best investments in this class—

Trust Deferred Stocks.	Price to Buy.	Return per Cent. at Present Price.
Foreign and Colonial ..	120	£5 16 8
Foreign, American and General ..	100	6 0 0
River Plate and General ..	110	5 13 9
Industrial and General ..	128	5 11 3
Investment Trust Corporation ..	156	5 15 6
American Investment Trust ..	125	5 12 0

P.S.—Anyone who picks up Spasskys at £2 should double his money within the next few years.

BONDS: BRAZILIAN AND ARGENTINE.

For a 5 per cent. investment you will have some difficulty in beating a good Brazilian or Argentine Bond. We know that there's a sort of prejudice against the former, bred probably by the Brazilian Government's silly incursion into coffee speculation (now, rubber would have been a vastly different thing) some few months ago. But the Government burnt its fingers over the coffee, and, having learnt a lesson, allowed it to be understood that it should not happen again. The new 5 per cent. loan issued the other day has, we should say, gone badly. If, however, the price falls to one or two points discount, as it may, we think a purchase would be a capital plan. For better security, there is the Brazil Lloyd Bond, coupons due April and October, which stands at 99 ex-coupon, and the drawings of which are already in progress, at par. Many people, however, prefer the Argentine Republic. Of Argentine Bonds, the cheapest is the new 5 per cent. scrip, issued this year. It stands about 97 for the fully paid, and there is a small coupon due in December. Argentine Fours, while rather dearer as regards yield, are very popular on the Continent, and their discount of some 16 points provides an added attraction to those who buy in the hope of having their bond drawn some day.

WHY?

In one of the investment markets of the Stock Exchange the other day we noticed a well-known dealer (than whom none is more generally liked and respected round the House) looking the picture of misery and gloom. We ventured to inquire the reason. And this is what he said: we quote it because of the different responsive chords it will touch in different breast-pockets—"My dear fellow," he said, "my dear fellow, if you had to stand here all day and have no business to do, that would give you the hump. But there's something worse'n that. I stand here, and one man comes up to me, and he says, 'Oh, I say, you know that stuff I bought on your advice in ninety-seven? It's gone down a lot. Can you tell me why—?' Then the next one comes, and he says, 'By the

way, old man, I took up some of that Debenture for myself some ten years ago, and the price has fallen very badly. Why—?' So it goes on day after day, and I don't mind tellin' you that it makes a fellow feel sick. I say, Mr. So-and-So, have you heard that little story about —" At this point we turned away, but maybe the brief monologue will help to show that there are other people who have lost money besides that very large percentage of the community of which each individual seems to think he is the only sufferer, the solitary person for whom sympathy can be justly—a sob—claimed.

NOTHING LIKE RUBBER.

For carefully studied detail and painstaking reasons for selection of what rubber shares to buy we refer readers to our correspondent "Q," but the merely market position has lately waxed interesting, and the drop in some of the better-known shares attracted a deal of attention, not to mention lofty contempt, from those who were out of rubber. The dealers themselves are a little bit afraid of their own market. It is always the same with a newly carved department in the Stock Exchange. There is an absence of such organised shop-support as can stay a rot, an absence of authoritative sources of information which would enable a canard or misapprehension to be nipped in its earliest bud. We are by no means certain that this lack of outside professionalism is at all a bad thing for the rubber market. Gambling doesn't do a new market much good, and it certainly precipitates flatness when the slightest scare-rumours get afloat. Rubber shares can be bought with comparative safety as a speculative investment—we refer, of course, to the good ones—but they should most decidedly be taken up, not contangoed for a gamble.

FLATNESS IN BARRIER SHARES.

Apart from the general reasons for the fall of the last three months that has occurred in all the mining markets, the Broken Hill section has had special difficulties to contend with, causing its decline to be specially severe. Of such troubles, one of the very worst has been what the Stock Exchange, through long and lugubrious experience of it, calls "financial." That is to say, holders of big blocks of Broken Hill shares have been forced to realise through financial stress of their own. One or two German operators got into very shallow water, and were obliged to fling away their shares for what the latter would fetch. At such a juncture, the stars fighting in their courses against the Barrier field, the local causes for trouble became acute. Labour is scarce, so wages went up; the price of materials has already been affected by the beautiful new tariff reared by Australia against outsiders; the water difficulty came to the fore again, and it did begin, last week, to look as though the pig never would get over the stile. But it is just when things seem to be worst that they are nearest the mend, and if people don't take advantage of the present low range of prices they deserve not to make money out of dividend-paying mining shares.

Saturday, Oct. 5, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A. P.—Take the offer at 5 per cent. discount; it will be the cheapest solution in the end.

CESTRIA.—Of the two, we prefer the Japanese stock. It is a good, sound investment, but City of Mexico 5 per cent. bonds or the New Brazilian loan might suit you. See Q's note.

ADA.—El Oro are not a bad speculation.

SYB.—(1) Certainly keep the Oil shares. The railway will be complete by the end of this month. We prefer the Preference shares. (2) Sons of Gwalia should pay good dividends for a long time yet. As to the other two, we really know nothing worth knowing. (3 and 4) We suppose you mean Premium bonds. If so Suez Canal or City of Paris are not bad. See answer to "Purple." (5) No, we do not expect Consols to go much lower. (6) Why not buy River Plate Gas shares or Argentine Great Western Cumulative Pref. shares? Both safe enough.

NORTHUMBRIA.—Inquiries shall be made, but our impression is that the less you have to do with the concern you name the better. Unless you hear from us by the time you read this answer get rid of your shares for what you can get for them.

GAYSTON.—All theatre shares are speculative; if they were our own we should sell. The Stores are all right, but competition is increasing every year.

SODIUM NITRATE.—You should hold. We do not like to prophesy about the interim dividend, but the Company is reputed to be doing well.

B. W. H.—We think the shares should be held, as the Company is profiting by the present Australian prosperity.

E. S. H.—Your letter was answered on the 5th instant.

PURPLE.—The people you name charge about 30 per cent. over the market price. Write to Nathan Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., and compare prices for yourself.

B. W. H.—We presume you mean the Preference shares. Nobody seems to know the cause of the trouble; but you cannot sell now, so you must hold on. The dividend will be paid at the end of the year.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Leicester I fancy the following: Camp Handicap, Shy Lad; Gopsall Handicap, Corduff; Midland Nursery, Lierre; Bradford Handicap, Cimb; Kegworth Handicap, Kama; October Handicap, Desca. At Kempton, Roseate Dawn ought to capture the Duke of York Stakes. Other fancies are: Richmond Handicap, Fire Clay; Coventry Plate, Catapult; Imperial Produce Plate, Lesbia; Kempton Park Nursery, Malheur. At Haydock Park I fancy the following: October Handicap, Caruso; Newton Nursery, Bonnie Doon; Flexton Welter, Li Hung; Haydock Autumn Handicap, Kilglass. At Dunstall, Goldwin may win the Autumn Handicap and Bell Flower the Walsall Welter.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"*The Millionaire.*" By Lady Troubridge. (*T. Fisher Unwin.*)—
 "*The Little Anarchist.*" By A. W. Marchmont. (*Ward, Lock.*)—"The King of Kerisal." By Mayne Lindsay. (*Cassell.*)

NONE knows better than the persistent writer of serial stories that the average reader has to be caught and held as much by artifice as by art, that he must be attracted by a rush of events ingeniously set forth, that he must be fascinated by "curtains" that will give him a twinge of resentment at "To be continued in our next," with a desire to read the chapters that are to come; he is ever conscious, in a word, that "our next" lives by his efforts in the issue that precedes "our next." Lady Troubridge is not yet, I believe, a persistent writer of serial stories, but she knows full well the tricks of those who "turn out" fiction by instalments, and thus has contrived to produce a book that is likely to win a goodly measure of popular favour. "*The Millionaire*" she has discovered is more human than many of his kind who find themselves exploited by novelist or dramatist. He is Napoleonic to a degree—what gold-king is not?—but the Napoleon he apes is passing human: a Phroso compared with the customary man of steel. The love of his manhood is ripe in its intensity, its determination to conquer; the love of his youth was of the greenest. Yet, of course, it is the green love that comes to menace the full-grown passion, in the shape of a woman he supposed himself to have wedded legally in that haste that has repentance in its train. But there is more than this to make his amour perilous: Violet Sydney is married, and a believer in the virtue of marriage vows—one who is constrained to obey when she cannot love and honour. Her husband is removed quickly enough—Bradling sees to that most expeditiously—but he has only to return from Mexico, a drunkard and a forger, for his wife to cut herself away from the pleasant life that Bradling and his aunt provide, to return with him to suburbia and squalor. That in the end she is able to marry the millionaire has more to do with the novelist than with life; yet few readers of the book would have it otherwise. The novel cannot be said to bear the stamp of actuality; actuality, however, is a hindrance rather than a necessity in sensational fiction.

The same remark applies in much the same degree to "*The Little Anarchist.*" Mr. Marchmont sees the world through the melodramatist's red glasses, and is well content to do so. His Russia is that "Holy (!) Russia" familiar on the hoardings as part of the title of a transpontine drama, and he has not forgotten to give the

exclamation mark its fullest significance and its fullest justification. His horrid people are very, very horrid; his good people are very, very good—all do their utmost to stimulate the phagocytes, or, should one say, to curdle the corpuscles! Marvellous indeed are the ways of the author's hero, his heroine, and his several villains. All of them live the life strenuous, and seem to revel in it—some of them by force of circumstance, others obviously by choice. The result is a story that dashes breathlessly to its appointed end, and delays the inevitable "entente" between hero and heroine until Chapter XXVIII, and Last is nearing its close.

Mayne Lindsay's "*The King of Kerisal*" is also dependent for its success upon adventure, but it takes decidedly higher rank than Mr. Marchmont's story. Its method is more subdued, and though it has to do with a mythical State, it is more easily believed. The opening is, perhaps, a little weak—reminiscent of quite a number of books highly recommended for school-prizes—but after a few pages, when Rex has joined his father, "Mr. Jenkins," the King of Kerisal, "east from Singapore, a little north, at the back of beyond," matters change, and become of value. A Great Power desires Kerisal as a coaling-base, its King is wanting money. So an arrangement is made without the knowledge of the Kerisalis, whose country is their god. Revolution comes with revelations; the murmur of an angry mob grows loud in the ear; a leader arises; the looks of the people are menacing; peace is only kept by "Mr. Jenkins's" Mausers and mercenaries. Then comes the day when even they are useless, and the streets run red. The King's uncle and right-hand man, Spencer, "wondered who had given them away, and—with a nip of fright—what it would cost them"—

It came to him with a curious shock that he was nothing but a stout man in pyjamas, quite middle-aged, and muscularly flabby. They were isolated here—left, rulers of men though they were, in a side-eddy, while the ruled solved their problem for them; and what the solution might be the ugly din said only too plainly.

Others also learn that they are but ordinary men, and that the despised natives are more loyal, more cunning than they. The King, betrayer of his country, is most kingly when his end comes—

The old tigerish contempt flared up for the last time. He sprang at the door, tore the reeds aside, and exposed himself on the verandah. For a second he stood there, looking to right and left, within hand's touch of the yellow men. He carried the clue to his defiant action with him; but he tossed the loaded revolver, unused, on to the verandah floor, and came to the head of the steps and waited, folding his arms.

Greater still is the sacrifice of the Kerisalis, the betrayed; for it is they who break down the dykes that hold the waters from their country, so that the Great Power seeks its coaling-base in vain. Undoubtedly "*The King of Kerisal*" is a book to be read.

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For
Beauty.

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